THE

# *Juvenile Magazine,*

OR

## MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY

OF

## *Useful Information.*

[Vol. 3]

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PHILADELPHIA :

PRINTED FOR BENJAMIN JOHNSON,

NO. 31, HIGH STREET.

1803.

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NO. I. VOL. III.

FOR THE JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

## *The Warning Spirit.*

" To-day the warning ſpirit hear,
" To-morrow thou may'ſt mourn in vain."

BURGER.

HOW deeply ought this admonition be impreſſed on the minds of many:—thoſe who will not liſten to the voice which would turn them aſide from deſtruction! " Earneſt the right hand ſtranger pleads," but they hear him not: immerſed in guilty pleaſures, they treat his warning accents with diſdain, and laugh at them with ineffable contempt: they are deceived by the falſe appearances of vice, who raiſes in their breaſts tumults " like dark December's ſtormy gale," which do not eaſily ſubſide; they purſue with avidity every new object which may catch their attention, and which

when within their reach, is found to produce diſappointment. Yet this is not ſufficient to check their progreſs, or deter them from proceeding; they "furious hold the onward way," ſtill graſping at ſhadows, heeding not any friend who interpoſes between them and their final ruin! They ſtand unappalled by the ſecret voice within "To-day the ill-omen'd chaſe forbear," and though they may, for a moment be affected in ſome degree by it, yet the impreſſion is ſoon eradicated by baniſhing reflection; they ſtill perſevere in that path which exhibits to their view the moſt flowery appearances, and contains the moſt ſenſual delights.

How different are thoſe on whom the warning takes effect; who "for Devotion's choral ſwell, exchange the rude" and boiſterous paſſions which agitate their minds——how pleaſing are the ſenſations of him, who hearkens to the witneſs in his breaſt:

"*no ſigh his boſom owns, his cheek no tear*;"

no pangs invade his peaceful heart; *he* feels pleaſures which thoſe who purſue a contrary

direction will never experience—his days are paſſed in ſweet contentment, and he poſſeſſes the approbation of One who will never deſert him in the ſevereſt trials of adverſity.

Liſten then ye wanderers from the path of peace; "To-day the *warning ſpirit* hear"—to-day before it is too late. The ſecret monitor bids you to fly from temptation—"Revere his altar, and forbear" from the unbounded gratification of your deſires, and the guilty indulgence of your paſſions.

"Be warn'd at length and turn aſide," for if the admonition is deſpiſed, the conſequence is inevitable,

"*To-morrow thou may'st mourn in vain.*"

F.

FOR THE JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

*The Moralist.*

" Religion! what treaſure untold
" Reſides in that heav'nly word!
" More precious than ſilver or gold,
" Or all that this earth can afford."

COWPER.

YES, thou glorious emanation from the Deity, how great is thy value, yet how little appreciated by aſpiring mortals; and how ſlighted, how deſpiſed are thy precepts by thoſe who need moſt thy conſolatory power. It is thou who canſt irradiate the gloom of deſpondency, cheer us in the hours of diſtreſs, " and gild the cloſe of life's eventful day. It is here, that thy tranſcendant excellence is made evident, Thy influence

" *With tranſport touches all the ſprings of life.*"

THOMSON.

It is painful to the Chriſtian mind, to obſerve the numerous inſidious attempts, which are daily uſed to make Religion appear in an unfriendly light, in the eyes of thoſe who do not make it their ſtudy to examine the purity and excellence of its precepts, or to experience its ſuperior delights. To theſe I can with peculiar propriety at this time, addreſs the affectionate language of Paul, "Beware leſt any man ſpoil you through philoſophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world."

The various means which ſophiſtry has invented to ſeduce the young and inexperienced mind from the paths of virtue "man's higheſt good," and which they may not be able to to withſtand or refute, ought, I think, to be energetically reſiſted by every rational mind: —when infidelity and atheiſm have taken poſſeſſion of man, their influence extends in an amazing degree, his ſoul becomes debaſed,

"*And mental darkness shrouds creations pride.*"

PAINS OF MEMORY.

I obſerve with regret, that a publication, infamous in its principles, and deteſtable in its ends, is yet continued in this City; (the

Temple of Reaſon,) ſetting religion at defiance, and endeavouring by ſtrenuous efforts, to undermine its baſis in the minds of thoſe, whom paſſions "rule with unbounded ſway," and who therefore liſten with eagerneſs to every means which can be deviſed, to ſet aſide its government over them. Sorry I am to ſay, it receives patronage from many. But let me, my youthful readers, entreat you to beware of thoſe, who by falſe philoſophy, both in their writings and converſation, would ſeduce you from that "treaſure untold," that "gem of pureſt ray ſerene," which if you cheriſh, will enliven all your proſpects in life, and without it you will be miſerable indeed. Decide not then haſtily againſt your future peace,

"*and from* reflection *waken hope divine.*"

Religion was not given to mortals as a torment, but as a bleſſing: her ſincere votaries will ever be numbered among the happy: her mild influence ſheds a luſtre on every action; and yet how many are there, who think her reſtraints upon their paſſions and vices unjuſt: ——a philoſopher of the preſent æra, (falſely

indeed ſo called, for real philoſophy is truth itſelf,) would, if queſtioned on this ſubject, doubtleſs ſay, "Thoſe faculties and paſſions which, I poſſeſs in common with my fellow creatures, I am confident were given to me to indulge in: would the Creator of the univerſe endow the workmanſhip of his hands with thoſe feelings the guidance of which he muſt not follow? how abſurd is it then, that I ſhould be prevented by that bugbear Religion, invented by prieſtcraft and ſuperſtition to ſerve their own purpoſes, from the enjoyment of them:——no, Reaſon forbids it." But (may I aſk) can that be called a *reſtraint* which enables man to enjoy the various bleſſings of this life with tenfold pleaſure? Can it be a torment, when it prevents him from giving looſe to every lawleſs paſſion, which the caprice of the moment may ſuggeſt, and ſinking at once into depth of unbounded licentiouſneſs, when every ſocial tye which unites man to man may be rent aſunder with impunity, and when every virtuous principle is aboliſhed? no my readers, Reaſon, that excellent gift, is indeed abuſed,

when it is proſtituted to ſo baneful a purpoſe, as to encourage infidelity:—when it authorizes the unlimited indulgence of every vice. Why will not man rank himſelf higher in the creation than the brutes that periſh? *they* have paſſions and peculiar propenſities given to them, which they ſeverally indulge in without controul; but Reaſon was given to man to render him happy; to ſubdue his vices, encourage the growth of virtue in his breaſt, to reſiſt temptations, and bid him look forward to a future reward for his exertions againſt them. Religion confirms this hope, tempers all his bleſſings, and empowers him to enjoy them with ſuperior delight, which the vicious will ever remain ſtrangers to. It is ſhe who enables him to feel pleaſures ariſe in his mind, far more refined and ſubſtantial than ſenſual gratifications will ever produce. But her influence is not confined to proſperity alone; when the world and all its glittering proſpects have ceaſed to amuſe,

"——— *when icy death approaching near,*
"*Shall bid life's tranſient viſions diſappear,*"

it is ſhe alone who can ſupport the ſoul; ſhe will open boundleſs fields of joy to the view, and inſpire that confidence in the mind, which alone can render it tranquil and reſigned.

"*On the cold cheek of death ſmiles and roſes are blending,*
"*And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.*"

BEATTIE.

But *how different* are the effects of atheiſm and infidelity: how ſtriking the contraſt. But I will not inſult the feelings of my readers, by dwelling on them at preſent. They are ſufficiently obvious to the reflecting mind.

Let the youth then of the preſent day, liſten not to the ſuggeſtions of thoſe, who endeavour to deſtroy the foundation of their future happineſs: let them often ſeek in retirement and contemplation, communion with Him, who will enable them to reſiſt the deluſions of falſe philoſophy, and refute the various errors of ſophiſtry. What a noble example have we even in Him who of all others was leaſt in want of the benefits of religious contemplation; the lonely path and the ſilent grove were

oftentimes the ſcenes of His meditation: retiring from His moſt intimate followers and companions, he ſought ſecret converſe with the Moſt High. His pure ſpirit aſcended on the wings of praiſe triumphant to the Throne of Grace.——If ſuch was the inimitable conduct of Him, who was purity itſelf—who was without blemiſh, how ought it to inſpire us with emulation in the grand cauſe, with ſtrength to bear us through the trials we may meet with here below, and enable the powers of the ſoul to be exerted in thankſgiving and ſupplication.

" *Praiſe, the ſweet exaltation of our joy,*
" *That joy exalts, and makes it ſweeter ſtill,*
" *Pray'r ardent opens heav'n, let's down a ſtream*
" *Of glory, on the conſecrated hour*
" *Of man in audience with the Deity.*"

O then let Religion, that ineſtimable bleſſing be no longer deſpiſed; let her precepts be no more ſlighted, and may her ſweet influence cauſe new ſcenes of pleaſure to riſe in the view of the enraptured mind:

" *For ſhe alone, by her conſoling power,*
" *Can chaſe the terrors of that awful hour,*

" *From chill despair the struggling spirit save,*
" *And whisper* happineſs beyond the grave."

T. V.

FOR THE JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

## REMARKS ON THE PRACTICE OF DUELLING.

" *Ah me! what evils do environ*
" *The man that meddles with cold iron.*"

HUDIBRAS.

HONOUR in the preſent acceptation of the word, is not what it uſed to be. It formerly conſiſted in a ſenſe of virtue, and a regard for reputation, dignity &c. but he who can act the moſt baſely, and degrade himſelf into the loweſt depths of vice, who can break with lawleſs ardour all conjugal ties, deſtroy at once their endearments, and ruin unprotected innocence; cheat his moſt intimate friend, either

in his common concerns, or at the gaming table, (which is too often frequented,) and impiously violate the most holy places, is now called an "honourable man." Hence, when the meaning of the word is so changed from what it was, before the *enlightening* principles of designing men had crept into the world, there is no cause for wonder, that they who thought they would be *dignified* by committing the most base and ignoble acts, would also *glory* in them. To this source can the origin of Duelling, so much in vogue, be attributed. We generally find that they arise from disputes caused by the above *praise-worthy* actions, and they cannot be remedied in the eyes of the world, but by converting the disputants into marks to be shot at. But how many evils are generated from this source! which extends its pestilential influence around; empoisons every enjoyment, and renders him who has shed anothers blood more miserable than before he took this *satisfaction* (as it is called) on his antagonist. It is a matter of great surprise to see men's minds so perverted to every sense of reason, as to debase themselves in such a de-

gree! one out of thirty duels originate in trifling diſputes, which, if thoſe who are engaged in them, would only poſſeſs more calmneſs and permit the exerciſe of Reaſon to take place in their minds, would "vaniſh into air" before its ſuperior power. Others ariſe from villainy and deceit, which are too prevalent in the world:—Theſe are encouraged by the prevailing ſentiments of the age in which we live, and Duelling will always increaſe while the vices which promote it are nurtured and cheriſhed. But how ſeldom do we ſee a real triumph over an enemy, *a forgiveneſs of the injuries which they have committed?* on the contrary, this practice ſo baneful in its nature, is yet ſuffered to take place in a country boaſting of high privileges, and of being the nurſery of enlightened and liberal principles! How many families have been ruined by this cuſtom, how has the glory of many illuſtrious houſes been at once laid low and humbled with the duſt; how have the ſeeds of vice flouriſhed as in a luxuriant ſoil, bringing forth corrupted fruit, and villainy triumphed over honeſty and innocence?—theſe and numerous other evils ſimi-

lar to them, have all been produced by this deteſted practice, and will ever be attendant on it. In contemplating them, the man of real feeling is led to exclaim in the words of my motto,

" *Ah me! what evils do environ*
" *The man that meddles with cold iron.*"

N.

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## THE PILGRIM.

———————*Home is the reſort,*
*Of love and joy, of peace and plenty, where,*
*Supporting and ſupported, poliſh'd friends,*
And *dear relations mingle into bliſs.*

THOMSON.

*Wheree'er I roam, what other realms I ſee,*
*My heart, untravelled, ſtill ſhall turn to thee.*

GOLDSMITH.

WHEN oppreſſed by misfortune, or overtaken by the envy, malice or injuſtice, of the world; when ſchemes for future happineſs are found illuſive, as the wild theories of the maniac; when expectation is diſappointed in all its

purſuits; enterpriſe in all its plans; or patient induſtry, in the fond hope of future independence, where is to be found the paliative of miſery, where is the *Sun* that can diſpel the clouds of affliction; or paint on their gloomy forms, the bended rainbow of pleaſure?

Is it among the diſſipated at the *gaming table*, the *bar-room*, or the *race-ground*, that the loſt form of happineſs is likely to be ſeen? Can permanent enjoyments be expected from amuſements, which waſte the time, deſtroy the integrity, ruffle the temper, ruin the conſtitution, and, as it were, palſy the underſtanding of thoſe who purſue them? By no means. Here then mark the *folly* or *ignorance* of man. If plans formed for worldly agrandizement ſhould fail, inſtead of renewed diligence, and more patient attention, we generally find him languid and inactive; deſpairing of future ſucceſs, he reſorts to diſſipation, and ſoon loſes the recollection of paſt misfortunes, by the remembrance of reiterated crimes.

Where then is the place, in which a ſhelter may be found? Whence muſt we ſeek protection againſt the frowns or malevolence of

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Where then is the place, in which a ſhelter may be found? Whence muſt we ſeek protection againſt the frowns or malevolence of

the world? If that endearing connection, which has made you the *master of a family*, cannot readily furniſh an anſwer; if from your own habitation, ſurrounded by the wife of your boſom, and the children of your love, you can ſeriouſly aſk the queſtion, where is the antidote to external miſery? Where is *happiness?* I muſt anſwer, that I fear you will not find it on this ſide heaven.

How can the bleſſings of DOMESTIC LIFE, be better illuſtrated, than by diſplaying it, as an aſylum to the perſecuted and diſtreſſed? DOMESTIC HAPPINESS is indeed the moſt enviable poſſeſſion, to which man can attain. It gives a double pleaſure to the ſmiles of fortune, and counterpoiſes the attendent miſeries of life.

Humiliating in the extreme is it to obſerve a man, becauſe embarraſſed in his circumſtances, drown his ſenſes by the draughts of inebriation, or divert his attention by the rattling of dice, or the rolling of the billiard balls. Were ſuch an one made to believe, that in the circle of his neareſt relatives, was to be found that true happineſs, which ſeeks *competency*,

rather than *affluence*, that here was that tender *union* of *sentiment*, which, like the fortitude of the dying chriſtian, could diſarm poverty or death of its terrors, that here was that warmth of friendſhip, which anticipates deſire, and wipes away the tears of misfortune; while they yet gliſten in the eye, would he not quit the rough road on which he journeyed, and become an ornament, rather than a diſgrace to his nature. This, is a faint picture of domeſtic life; it is impoſſible that the pencil of deſcription ſhould retain the brilliancy of the coloring. It would occaſion an honorable reform, if men would ſuffer themſelves to be convinced, that the pleaſures they might derive from domeſtic life, were by far ſuperior to any gratification, attending the nocturnal orgies of diſſipation. This neglected pleaſure would be a counterbalance to all which were loſt, and the world be convinced, that misfortune was undeſerved, ſince it could be born with ſo much *philoſophy*.

You wonder why the PILGRIM ſhould ſo ſtrenuouſly recommend the pleaſures of *Domeſtic life*. How can the *wandering ſtranger*

know what reſults from a ſituation, of which *he* muſt be ignorant? It is not unuſual, my inquiſitive friend, for a man to ſee the conveniencies of another's ſituation, better than the perſon poſſeſſing it. But the PILGRIM is not unacquainted with domeſtic life, though he enjoyed it in a leſs perfect degree, than what is allowed to the generality of mankind. St. CLAIR was his *home*. There he enjoyed the ſociety of friends. For them he felt that "attachment, tender and ſublime, which vibrates in every fibre of a feeling heart." But he has not paſſed through the changing ſcenes, the varying viciſſitudes of life, without remarking the happineſs of a ſituation which heaven muſt have pointed to man, as the greateſt earthly bleſſing in its power to beſtow.—The ſubject may furniſh more ſpeculation even for

THE PILGRIM.

## *The Amateur: No. V.*

*Then blessing all Go, Children of my care!*
*To practice, now, from theory repair.*
*All my Command's are easy short and full;*
*My Sons, be proud, be selfish, and be dull!!*
POPE'S *Dunciad.*

WE are, often, called upon to ſympathize with the ſatiriſt, in his ridicule of thoſe vain and ignorant pretenders, who undertake to teach what they do not themſelves underſtand. As it is the buſineſs of ſuch characters to impoſe upon the ſimple and uninſtructed part of mankind their abominable deceits, they have ever been conſidered as fair game for the moraliſt and the wit. Of theſe impoſtors there are various ſpecies, and they may be claſſed according to the "*art and mystery*" they profeſs. There is one general name, however, by which they may all, with propriety, be diſtinguiſhed; though that name is commonly uſed to denote a ſpecific impoſtor. The term, *Quack*, therefore, though, in its popular ſenſe, it ſignifies

an unſkilful practitioner of the healing art, is not, neceſſarily, confined to this limitted ſignification, but may be extended to the whole race of empirics, from the phyſician down to the dancing maſter.

The *medical quack* is an object of ſuch general ridicule, that it would be impoſſible for me to add any thing to the immenſity of ſhame, with which he is overborne. The phyſician's ignorance, however, is ſo protected by the myſteries of his profeſſion, that it is difficult to detect it. So long, therefore, as he can cheat with impunity, ſo long will he be induced to carry on his fraud. There are other profeſſions indeed, where the quack cannot long conceal his real character even from common obſervation; where the practice neceſſarily developes the ſkill; and where the impoſtor ſtands immediately condemned. But the profeſſion of phyſic, from the profound ſcience it involves, and the ſolid and diſcriminating judgment it requires, is a kind of maſk, under which the quack may ſafely play his 'comedy,' or rather, tragedy, 'of errors!' His blunders though groſs, will often paſs unnoticed, inaſ-

much as his experiments are conducted in ſilence and ſecrecy. It may, likewiſe, be added, that a ſick room is, commonly too dark to *see*, and too ſtill to *blab*, the ſhameful miſcarriages of a medical juggler!!

The *legal* quack, though not a leſs deteſted being than his brother mock doctor, is, certainly, leſs injurious to ſociety. The miſtakes of his ignorance cannot eſcape the eye of popular criticiſm, or the tongue of popular reproach. His ſkill is examined by men of learning, before whom it is his buſineſs to appear, and his probity is ſcrutinized by men of honor, whose duty leads them to brand, with ſevereſt cenſure, every appearance of fraud or impoſition. Such are the embarraſſments with which a *legal* quack is perplexed. He is ſo ſuſpiciouſly guarded on every ſide, that there is ſcarcely a hope upon which he can rely for ſucceſs. His reputation is liable, every moment, to be ſhaken by the commiſſion of ignorance or of knavery, and the prejudices of the world are ever on the watch to corrupt his fame, and ruin his fortune. Yet, notwithſtanding theſe diſcouraging obſtacles

in the way to his ſucceſs, the *legal* quack is by no means an uncommon thing in our country. He is often ſeen amongſt us. His character is ſo ſtrongly marked that I need not define it. Every one may know him by the emptineſs of his head, and the hardneſs of his heart; by the avidity of his quibbles, and the poverty of his argument; by the inſolence of his addreſs; and the vulgarity of his language. He makes it almoſt a point of conſcience to build himſelf upon the ruin of his client; and he will undertake any cauſe, however deſpicable, where there is a *fee* within his graſp. He makes it his policy to deceive, and his religion to deſtroy. This is a faint and imperfect ſketch of a *legal* quack, who, being deſtitute of wiſdom and honeſty, never fails to prey upon thoſe who are unfortunate enough to truſt him.

The *political* quack is rather a ludicrous, than a dangerous, object. He raves with ſo much earneſtneſs, againſt ſyſtems which he does not comprehend, that we feel a greater diſpoſition to laugh than to be angry. Without knowing a ſingle principle in the ſtupendous ſcience of government; without having

beſtowed even a ſingle reflection upon the rights and duties, which belong to him as a ſocial being; he will harangue by the hour, upon the deſtiny of his country, and fill whole columns of the newſpaper, with his dreadful apprehenſions. He is, from the neceſſity of his character, obliged to borrow his opinions, and the parſon of his pariſh, being conſpicuous for his learning and honeſty, is often the granter of the loan.

The *theological* quack is a real nuiſance to the ſociety which ſupports him. Our language does not furniſh a term of reproach, ſevere enough for ſuch a character. He makes a market place of his pulpit, and ſells his divinity to the higheſt bidder. He makes a trade of deception, and ſtudies hypocriſy as a virtue. His profeſſion and his practice are, eternally, at variance. Nothing more devout than the one; nothing more abandoned than the other. On the Sabbath, he will declaim againſt the vanities of the world, and the paltry value of terreſtial exiſtence; he will roll his impious eyes to heaven, and declare his confidence in a juſt and merciful God; yet on other days,

he is fond enough of making a good bargain, even at the expence of his poor neighbour, and will ſometimes almoſt curſe his fortune, as if he diſbelieved in a Providence. On one day in the week he preaches charity, and brotherly love, but on the other ſix days, he aſſails the infidel and the heretic as if they deſerved no mercy. At one time he recommends the example of our Saviour, as worthy of our imitation; at another time, he makes long prayers, which are directly oppoſed to that example. In a word, he is a thing of contradictions. What puniſhment is equal to the crimes of ſuch a monſter? For ſuch hypocriſy, for ſuch blaſphemy, what atonement can be made!

The *philological* quack is far from being a ſcarce animal in this, or any other, civilized country. Our Academies and Colleges ſwarm with them. Every Sophomore is vain enough to think himſelf a critic; and our Tutors and Preceptors, though by no means the moſt liberally informed men, will animadvert upon the beſt productions, as if they were the taſks of their ſcholars! Theſe learned quacks meaſure poetry, as a mathematician would mea-

ſure the angles in Euclid, and judge proſe, by rules, vulgar as thoſe by which a butcher judges his beef. Poſſeſſed of a good artificial memory, they crowd it with abſtract principles, which they know not how to apply, and the philoſophy of which they have not diſcernment to diſcover. They will complain of the falſity of *this sentiment*, and the impurity of *that stile*, without being able to point out the defects of either; and they will often condemn a beautiful paſſage, for no other reaſon than becauſe they have not a ſoul to enjoy it. It is thought by many, that a cold temper is a qualification, indiſpenſible to a good critic. This opinion is founded in the idea, that the office of criticiſm is to point out the blemiſhes of compoſition, without paying the leaſt regard to its beauties. Upon this error, the *philological* quack erects himſelf. Having no taſte for thoſe ſudden flaſhes of wit, thoſe bold and irregular ſublimities, thoſe wild and pathetic breaks and incoherencies, in which a great author often reveals his genius, he contents himſelf with a tedious minuteneſs of remark, upon the propriety of a word, or the collocation of a period.

The *poetical* quack is ſuch a harmleſs creature, that it would be cruel to ſay any thing ſevere reſpecting him. He is ſufficiently puniſhed for his folly, in the very purſuit which he follows. The *poetical* quack is one, who imagines poetry to conſiſt in a certain jingle of words, ſuch as

"*A, was an Archer, and ſhot at a frog;*
"*B, was a Butcher, and had a great dog.*"

In writing ſuch ſtuff, he certainly cannot enjoy that fine feeling, which every genuine poet realizes, when his imagination is active, and his ſoul is elevated. What, then, has the *poetical* quack to conſole him, for that poverty and contempt which is ſometimes the lot even of the great poet!

The *oratorical* quack is a character peculiar to the moderns. The ancients had hardly any idea of ſuch a character. Had a ſpeaker riſen in an Athenian or Roman aſſembly, with ſuch an ungraceful addreſs, ſuch a monſtrous whine, ſuch a dull and inflexible countenance, as we frequently are obliged to witneſs in our own country, he would have been hooted at, by a diſappointed and inſulted audience! My read-

ers may, perhaps, ſmile, at my uſe of the epithet, *insulted!* But I beg leave to obſerve, that the man who undertakes to ſpeak in public without poſſeſſing a ſingle qualification of an orator, offers a deliberate inſult to his auditory, and ought to be put to ſhame! What reproach does that man bring upon himſelf who preaches the moſt intereſting of all truths, as if he thought it were a fiction; and who leans ſo heavily upon his cuſhion, that his congregation tremble for him, leſt he ſhould fall from his pulpit and do a fatal injury to himſelf! Who could help bluſhing for ſuch a man!

It would be an endleſs taſk to notice every ſpecies of quacks which infeſt ſociety. The few examples I have adduced, are ſufficient to give the reader a general idea of this dull, this unſkilful, this worthleſs character. He is ſometimes execrable, but he is always contemptible. His heart is, generally, corrupt, but his head is always wrong. And it may, juſtly, be remarked, that when he has neither the diſpoſition to deceive, nor the art to be

treacherous, he notwithſtanding poſſeſſes a certain fatuity of mind, he is ſtill ſo ſtrongly marked by vanity and weakneſs, that we cannot avoid ridiculing though we may not deteſt him.

## ILL EFFECTS OF BAD HABITS.

"*Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,*
*As brooks run to rivers, rivers run to seas.*"

The force of habit is ſo ſtrong, that it has obtained the appellation of a ſecond nature. It ſteals upon us by imperceptible degrees, until its power is ſo firmly eſtabliſhed, that all our deſires and appetites are in conformity to it, and regulated by it. It is truly aſtoniſhing to ſee what wonders habit has produced. There are many luxuries of life now in uſe, which, in their nature, are hurtful and incongruous to the natural ſtate; yet, by habitual uſe, they become delicious ſweets. Among the ſuperfluities of life theſe may be enumerated, viz. almoſt all kinds of ſpirituous liquors, tea,

tobacco and ſnuff. All theſe at firſt are diſagreeable to a perſon's natural reliſh; but by unremitted perſeverance in conſuming, and a determined reſolution to uſe them, the ſot and voluptuary can finally ſay, that the conſumption of theſe articles, not only afford real ſatisfaction, but is abſolutely neceſſary to ſupport life; however, a temperate uſe of theſe cannot be deemed a crime, but an exceſs; thus much may be ſaid, it does not conſtitute a perſon virtuous or meritorious to ſip at the bottle—to have a partiality for tea—a fondneſs for tobacco, and a love for ſnuff. Inebriety or an immoderate uſe of liquors is an evil habit. This deſtructive inclination comes on gradually, and if we take a retroſpective view of the lives of thoſe notorious for a love of ſpirits, we ſhall find the vice comes on by gradation. At firſt their paſſions were eaſily gratified; but ſoon they begin to cry a little more, a little more. In the morning they muſt have a dram; this ſuffices for an hour or two; then there comes on a ſtrange feeling; they gueſs a little gin or brandy would be a good reſtorative; the difficulty is immediately removed, and they

feel refreſhed; but at eleven o'clock a terrible faintneſs is felt in the ſtomach; what can this mean? After a ſhort recollection the problem is ſolved, and they ſay 'tis ſlip time. Thus, from a ſpark it grows to a flame, and at length a permanent friendſhip is formed with their daily conqueror.

So of the profane perſon; he at firſt begins moderately; he does not ſtick at ſaying I vow, &c. Preſently he can damn and curſe; and being an apt ſcholar, he learns faſt. At length he can ſwear, and ſwear joining hands. Thus he progreſſes from ſtep to ſtep, till the moſt ſhocking oaths are uttered without heſitation, and the moſt ſacred name of the Deity is taken in vain, and ſported with on every occaſion!—The perſon who undertakes to propagate falſehoods, at firſt tells a large truth; its veracity is called in queſtion; then it is expedient to tell twenty to elucidate the firſt aſſertion—So, in every vicious practice, ſmall deviations from the rule of right lead on to crimes of greater magnitude. In a review of the ſubject, a few reflections naturally ariſe. The evil conſequences of allowing an extravagant uſe of tea,

tobacco, ſnuff, &c. do not amount to a loſs of reputation; but the advocates of theſe vegetables may injure their conſtitutions, leſſen their property, and loſe their delicacy. Here let me aſk the queſtion; has tobacco the quality to make a perſon's countenance more beautiful, or his company more deſirable? And who does not abhor a ſnuff-taker; The man of intemperance deſtroys his health, reaſon and intereſt; ruins his character; incapacitates himſelf for any kind of employment; wounds the feelings of a tender wife; exhibits a pernicious example for the imitation of his riſing offspring; brings ſhame and diſgrace on his friends and connections, and ſinks himſelf below the brute creation. Dr. Watts beautifully repreſents the intemperate man in the following lines:

*The drunkard feels his vitals waste;*
*Yet, drowns his health to please his taste,*
*Till all his active powers are lost,*
*And fainting life draws near to dust,*

On the ſuppoſition that a perſon's being addicted to profanity was no crime, it cannot be the mark of a gentleman to ſwear and blaſ-

pheme. Would he appear more lovely to his aſſociates; would he in a circle of females, by now and then pouring forth a volley of oaths, be more likely to attract their attention and preſerve eſteem? I truſt he would not; but when we conſider the practice in its true light, ſee the amazing turpitude of trifling with the name of God; ought it not to deter us from the practice, and diſcountenance and condemn it in others. As men are dependent one upon another, confidence ſhould exiſt between man and man, in order to facilitate buſineſs and preſerve peace and harmony. When a man's word cannot be depended on, intercourſe is obſtructed, and the evils become ſerious; then to remedy this inconvenience, let us invariably adhere to the truth. As a friend to youth, and as one who feels the importance of forming habits of ſobriety in juvenile days, I earneſtly ſolicit you, if you have any regard for yourſelf, your families and friends, to abſtain from intemperance, impurity of language and falſehood. In ſo doing, you will ſave your reputation, preſerve your credit and uſefulneſs; prevent the tear of anguiſh from flowing

down the cheek of a compaſſionate father and mother, ſave your brothers and ſiſters ſorrow and anxiety, and the richeſt of heaven's gifts ſhall deſcend to bleſs you.

LUCUBRATOR.

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## ON FORMING CONNECTIONS.

MAN is born a ſocial being; and he muſt do violence to his nature before he can ſhake off thoſe ties that link him to his kind. But univerſal philanthropy, lovely as it is, muſt be founded on partial and particular attachments to operate with due force. The heart that is not warmed by individual love, and ſelect friendſhip, is incapable of expanding to great and exalted ſentiments: it may feign, but it cannot feel the generous glow of affection, the ardour of patriotiſm, or the throb of benevolence.

Private attachments being then the foundation of happineſs or miſery, the criterion of worth, and the ſource of all that is valuable

or dreadful in life—can too much care be employed in forming them, in extracting their ſweets, and avoiding their pains?

Few are the pleaſures that we can ſincerely and honorably enjoy, without the participation of others; but on the other hand, ſolitary miſery is not worth a care, compared to that which the mind feels when it is unfortunate, through the want of love or duty in thoſe on whom it has repoſed its confidence; or when its diſtreſſes involve the objects of its fondeſt regard.

A man may bear the ſtings of ingratitude, or the infliction of wrong, from ſuch as he has never loved; he may wrap himſelf up in the ſelf-conſciouſneſs of rectitude, and deſpiſe the opinion he never courted; but if the friend on whom he has relied is treacherous; if the boſom on which he has leaned is falſe, or regardleſs of his peace, humanity can meet with no ſeverer trial; and ſuch piercing woe can ſcarcely admit of alleviation.

To be cautious in forming friendſhips is only common prudence; to be firm in maintaining them when once formed, is a duty in which

you cannot be deficient without ſuffering as much as you can inflict. Sudden attachments are always indiſcreet, and often fatal. Try thoſe in whom you wiſh to repoſe truſt with the niceſt regard to their zeal, and not their ſpecious qualities. Found every affection of the mind on principle. Let not beauty paſs for merit—the affected ſmile of complacency for good humour, nor levity for wit. Never give way to injurious opinions againſt any one without the fulleſt conviction that they are deſerved; but, above all, take care never to form too partial an opinion, till you have had an opportunity of aſcertaining its propriety.

Young perſons are apt to imagine, that the convivial companion, whoſe profeſſions of regard riſe with the abſence of his reaſon, is firmly to be relied on—and that the partner in folly will be the conſoler of diſtreſs. Deluſive expectation! True friendſhip muſt be grafted on virtuous purſuits, and cemented by rational endearments. A ſimilarity in vicious taſte will form no laſting tie; it cannot bear the teſt of reflection. Thought will teach you to deſpiſe, or make you deſpiſed, if your union is

that of infamy; on the contrary, a congenial diſpoſition for what is laudable, will reciprocally endear. Such a friendſhip will gain ſtability from the ſtorm, and the gales of adverſity will root it the deeper. Without a friend, indeed, it is impoſſible to know happineſs; but how much miſery has ariſen from the proſtitution of this ſacred name!

There are, however, ties ſtill dearer than friendſhip, and of more important operation on our lives. Love, that cordial drop of bliſs, that ſovereign balm of woe, as it is of the firſt conſequence to our enjoyments, ſo it is frequently the origin of our deepeſt diſtreſs. If this is not founded on reaſon, it is a flame that conſumes; if it is placed on an unworthy object, and this diſcovery made too late, the heart can never more know peace. Every hour increaſes the torments of reflection; and hope, that ſoothes the ſevereſt ills, is here turned into deſpair; for ſtrong muſt that mind be that can reconcile itſelf to the greateſt of all human diſappointments, or unfeeling muſt it be to diſregard them!

In the tender connections, mind muſt aſſi-

milate to mind, to give a reaſonable proſpect of felicity; and after they are irrevocably fixed, the wiſh to oblige ſhould anticipate the requeſt; views, intereſts, purſuits—all ſhould be mutual, and ſpring from a ſenſe of duty prompted by a principle of love; elſe that ſtate which may be productive of the pureſt pleaſures and the higheſt ſatisfactions, will be converted to a bane and a curſe. Here, negative happineſs cannot exiſt in cultivated and feeling minds:—the brutal or the inſenſate may repoſe in the ſhade of indifference; but in proportion as the ſoul is formed for enjoyment, it will be awake to all the miſery of its fate; and every neglect of the duty it has a right to expect, every perverſe word, every action of ſtubborn contempt, will leave an impreſſion indelible and agonizing. Even the ſullen look will dim the eye of love; and the frown ſink into the heart of ſenſibility.

In a friend, virtue is an indiſpenſable qualification, but in love, virtue muſt be adorned by an amiable diſpoſition and a good temper, or it can never deſerve or enſure regard. The qualities that moſt endear are frequently the

leaſt dazzling; the ſmile of good humour is more impreſſive than the force of wit.

May theſe deſultary hints have ſome weight with thoſe who are about to enter on the ſtage of life, and have not yet made a fatal ſtep.—They flow from a heart-felt conviction of their truth; and from an ardent wiſh that they may be uſeful.

## A VISIT TO BEDLAM: A VISION.

I IMAGINED that Bedlam had been ordered to be rebuilt on a more extenſive plan, and that a gentleman, calling at my lodgings, had offered to accompany me to ſee the new-erected edifice, which, he obſerved, was not half capacious enough before, to contain the various ſpecies of madneſs.

As we walked through the galleries, he gave me the following account of the ſeveral inhabitants.

The lady in the firſt apartment had prevailed upon her huſband, a man of ſtudy and eco-

nomy, to indulge her with a route twice a week at her own houſe. This ſoon multiplied her obligations to the company ſhe kept, and in a fortnight ſhe inſiſted upon two more. His lordſhip venturing to oppoſe her demand with ſteady reſolution, but with equal tenderneſs, the lady complained, that the rights of quality and fortune were invaded, that her credit was loſt with the faſhionable world, and that ignorance and brutality had robbed her of the pleaſures of a reaſonable being, and rendered her the moſt unhappy wife. The cauſe of her complaints, however, ſtill exiſted, and by pepetually brooding over it, ſhe at length turned her brain.

Next to her, is a dramatic writer, whoſe comedy having been juſtly damned, he began to vent his ſpleen againſt the public by weekly abuſes of the preſent age ; but as neither the play nor his defence of it were read, his indignation continually increaſed, till at length it terminated in madneſs.

He on the right hand is a philoſopher, who has loſt his reaſon in a fruitleſs attempt to diſcover the cauſes of electricity.

He on the left, is a celebrated jockey of noble birth, whoſe favourite mare, that had enjoyed three triumphs in former ſeaſons, was diſtanced a few days ago at Newmarket.

Yonder meagre man has bewildered his underſtanding, by cloſely ſtudying the doctrine of chances, in order to qualify himſelf for a profeſſorſhip which will be ſhortly eſtabliſhed and amply endowed at an eminent chocolate-houſe, where lectures on this important ſubject are conſtantly to be read.

An unforeſeen accident turned the head of the next unfortunate priſoner. She had for a long time paſſed for fifteen years younger than ſhe was, and her lively behaviour and airy dreſs concurred to help forward the impoſition; till one evening, being animated with an extraordinary flow of ſpirits, ſhe danced out ſeven of her artificial teeth, which were immediately picked up, and delivered her with great ceremony by her partner.

The merchant in the neighbouring cell had

reſolved to gain a plumb. He was poſſeſſed of ſeventy thouſand pounds, and eagerly expected a ſhip that was caſt away in the channel, and the merchant is diſtracted for his loſs.

This diſconſolate lady had for many years aſſiduouſly attended an old gouty uncle, had aſſented to all his abſurdities and humoured all his foibles, in full expectation of being made his executrix; when happening one day to affirm that his gruel had ſack enough in it contrary to his opinion, he altered his will immediately, and left all to her brother; which affords her no conſolation, for avarice is able to ſubdue the tenderneſs of nature.

Is my old friend the commentator here likewiſe? Alas! he has loſt his wits in enquiring whether or no the ancients wore perukes; as did his neighbour Cynthio, by receiving a frown from his patron the laſt levee.

The fat lady, upon whom you look ſo earneſtly, is a grocer's wife in the city. Her diſorder was occaſioned by her ſeeing at court,

laſt twelfth night, the daughter of Mr. Alderman Squeeze, oil-man, in a ſack, far richer and more elegant than her own.

The next chamber contains an adventurer who purchaſed thirty tickets in the laſt lottery. As he was a perſon of a ſanguine complexion, and lively imagination, he was ſure of gaining the ten thouſand pounds by the number of his chances. He ſpent a month in ſurveying the counties that lie in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, before he could find out an agreeable ſite for the fine houſe he intended to build. He next fixed his eye on one whom he deſigned to honour as his bride. He beſpoke a magnificent coach, and the ornaments of his harneſs were to be of his own invention. Mr. Degagee, the tailor, was ordered to ſend to Paris for the lace, with which his wedding clothes were to be adorned. But in the midſt of theſe preparations for proſperity, all his tickets were drawn blanks; and, inſtead of his villa on the banks of the thames, you now ſee him in theſe melancholy lodgings.

His neighbour in the next apartment, was an honeſt footman, who was perſuaded like-

wife to try his fortune in the fame lottery; and who, obtaining a very large and unexpected fum, could not ſtand the ſhock of ſuch ſudden good fortune, but grew mad with exceſs of joy.

You wonder to ſee that cell beautified with chineſe vaſes and urns. It is inhabited by that famous virtuoſo lady, Harriot Brittle whoſe opinion was formerly deciſive at all auctions, where ſhe was uſually appealed to about the genuineneſs of porcelain. She purchaſed at an exorbitant price, a Mandarin, and a Jos, that were the envy of all the female connoiſſeurrs, and allowed to be ineſtimable. They were to be placed at the upper end of a little rock-work temple, of chineſe architecture, in which neither propriety, proportion, nor true beauty, were conſidered, and were carefully packed up in different boxes: but the brutiſh waggoner happening to overturn his carriage, they were cruſhed to pieces.—The poor lady's underſtanding could not ſurvive ſo irreparable a loſs; and her relations, to ſoothe her paſſion, have provided theſe Chelſea urns with which

ſhe has decorated her chamber, and which ſhe believes to be true Nanquin.

Yonder miſerable youth, being in a hot contention, at a faſhionable brothel, about a celebrated courtezan, killed a ſea-officer, with whoſe face he was not acquainted; but who proved, upon enquiry, to be his own brother, who had been ten years abſent in the Indies.

Look attentively at the next cell; you will there diſcover a lady of great worth, and fine accompliſhments, whoſe father condemned her to the arms of a right honorable debauchee, when he knew ſhe had fixed her affections irrevocably, on another, who poſſeſſed an unincumbered eſtate, but wanted the ornament of a title. She ſubmitted to the orders of a ſtern father, with patience, obedience, and a breaking heart.

Here my guide pauſed; and looking upon me with great earneſtneſs, and graſping my hand cloſely, ſpoke with an emphaſis that awaked me.—Think me not ſo inſenſible a monſter, as to deride the lamentable lot of the

wretches we have now ſurveyed. If we laugh at the follies, let us at the ſame time, pity the manifold miſeries of man."

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THE

# ADVANTAGES OF ARITHMETIC.

HOW much may be ſaid on a ſingle ſubject —and how often are the moſt uſeful things overlooked, merely becauſe they are thought to be ſufficiently obvious! Of all the ſciences that engage the ſtudy of man, none is ſo valuable as Arithmetic, or the ſcience of numbers: this is indeed ſufficiently cultivated by thoſe whoſe intended ſphere of life is ſuppoſed to require an accurate and ready knowledge of its principles—but what is that ſituation, in which

it is not abſolutely neceſſary to be acquainted with its practical uſes?

It has been obſerved, and I believe with great truth, that no one was ever undone, who kept an exact account of his income and his expenditure. Unforeſeen and unavoidable calamities may, indeed, ſurpriſe the moſt vigilant, and overſet the moſt regular; but few are the perſons who fail in life from ſuch imperious cauſes, compared to the vaſt numbers of thoſe, who may date their misfortunes from negligence in adjuſting their accounts: and who are ruined before they perceive that they are in danger.

Let me, therefore, recommend it to you, my dear young readers, as you value peace of mind, independence, and fortune, to acquire an early facility in numbers, and a fixed habit of rendering them ſubſervient to thoſe purpoſes, which will ſecure you from the impoſition of the cunning, or from the deluſion of ſpending more than your circumſtances will allow.

Whatever your income may be, apportion it, with ſcrupulous exactitude, to your weekly, monthly, or yearly expenſes. It is impoſ-

ſible to live in ſociety, according to one uniformly invariable tenor; but the extravagance of one day ſhould be compenſated by the œconomy of the next;—and nothing ſhort of abſolute neceſſity ſhould induce you to interfere with the general arrangements, which a prudent regard to your circumſtances impoſe.

It is almoſt impoſſible for any thinking mind to run the heedleſs career of conſtant diſſipation, who, by referring to his pocket-book, ſhould his rank require no other books to be kept, ſees, on one ſide of a weekly page, his income or allowance, which he is to huſband—and, on the oppoſite, his diſpoſal of it. Keeping ſuch a ſtatement is not only a guard againſt profuſion—but alſo a ſecurity againſt impoſition. What has been once paid may be eaſily authenticated; and what has been improvident may be remedied in future.

All the attention and the knowledge that this will require, is ſo trifling, that no perſons but the moſt illiterate, and the moſt indolent, can offer any excuſe for their neglect. Indolence, indeed, is no excuſe for any omiſſion of duty to ourſelves or ſociety; and the very

loweſt claſſes of mankind, whoſe misfortune it may be, to be debarred from any opportunities of improvement in learning, ſeldom can acquire ſo much credit as will injure others, or have ſo much to waſte as may affect themſelves. No ſituation, however—not even the loweſt—but will find a comfort and a benefit in apportioning its pittance to its expenditure; and thus learning to find reſources in honeſt induſtry, frugality, and prudence:—But it is chiefly on thoſe who are removed from real want—on thoſe who are rich, or relatively ſo, that I wiſh to impreſs the obſervance of regular accounts. The father of a family, if he is negligent in this reſpect, is unworthy of the ſtation he fills—the miſtreſs of a houſe, who pays no regard to domeſtic expenditure, is entailing want on the children ſhe careſſes, and can never be the object of love or eſteem.

The name of book-keeping, as this will be called, may poſſibly frighten the gay and the young. It may be ſuppoſed, that it requires deep attention, and previous knowledge: but on what does it hinge? on the four ſimple rules of arithmetic—ADDITION, SUBTRACTION,

MULTIPLICATION, and DIVISION. The RULE of THREE or PROPORTION is alſo of very conſiderable uſe, but it is only a particular application of the rules already enumerated: and its principles may be acquired in a moment.

Can any one then be juſtified, when his credit begins to fail, and the clamours of theſe he has injured ſurround him, by alledging, that he did not know he had exceeded his income? Should even want ſtare him in his face, where is his apology? He ſees from what has been ſaid, how eaſily he might have known what was his intereſt and his duty to know; and if he has failed through inattention, he neither deſerves the pity of his friends, nor can he enjoy the conſcious reflection of having done what he ought.

It is a Dutch maxim, and a good one, "that the man who has ſpent his whole income, has that year lived in vain;" but the man who has lived beyond his income, has not only been uſeleſs but criminal—he has involved himſelf in difficulties, and without circumſpection, he muſt defraud the public. By ſome attention

to numbers alone, can he learn in time how the caſe ſtands: I will therefore venture to affirm, that tho' all other ſciences may be in ſome meaſure uſeful or ornamental, an acquaintance with ARITHMETIC is an indiſpenſable obligation.

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## BOOKS.

FROM the earlieſt ages, Books have been the ſolace of the wiſe in every country where civilization was known; and without them, what a blank would life be to millions! All the knowledge we can acquire from actual experience is extremely limitted; but Books introduce us to the acquaintance of times long paſt—of nations now no more—of ſciences invented, cultivated, and brought to perfection, by the learned and ingenious of every land and age.

The diſcovery of Letters is of ſuch importance, that many have aſcribed it to a divine

origin. We in vain endeavour to trace it to its ſource. But learning, without infinite labour, could never have become general, had it not been diffuſed through the medium of the preſs.—That noble invention the art of printing, places modern times, in the facility of obtaining knowledge, at an infinite diſtance from the ancient; and nothing but groſs inattention or criminal indifference can now palliate ignorance, or preclude knowledge. How thankful ought we to be for the ſuperior privileges to which we were born; and how eagerly ought youth to cultivate a taſte for literature, which will fill up the blanks of life with amuſement, cloſe the interſtices of enjoyment; and lead to that improvement of the ſoul, which we have reaſon to ſuppoſe will increaſe the fruitions of eternity.

## HEALTH.

*Guard the dear boon—for know, that rosy health*
*Exceeds of either* IND *the treasur'd wealth.*

THOUGH an attention to the art of regaining loſt health is properly the province of the phyſician—no one ever preſerved it long, or enjoyed it entirely, who did not pay ſome regard to its ſafety himſelf. But the greateſt ſublunary bliſs is often treated with indifference, while preſent—and when once gone, no care, no entreaty, can ever recal it.

The young, borne on the wings of ardent hope, and eager in the purſuit of pleaſure often draw ſo largely on the fund of health, that they become bankrupts before they reach the noon of life; and thus entail miſery on a vaſt number of days, by the imprudent expenditure of a few hours. But can ſuch complain that Nature is unkind, when the fault reſides in themſelves?

There are indeed ſome conſtitutions ſo extremely delicate—ſome habits ſo exceſſively

irritable—that it is almoſt impoſſible to paſs through the changes of ſeaſons, and to fill up any place in ſociety, without feeling the frame affected, or the mind unhinged—however carefully the one may be guarded by temperence, and the other by reaſon. Such perſons are much to be pitied—and inhuman muſt that heart be, that will not endeavour to alleviate thoſe ills which defy cure, and can only be palliated by the attentions of friendſhip, and ſoothed by the tenderneſs of love. But delicacy of conſtitution, and exceſſive ſenſibility of mind, may, with proper precautions at an early age, be meliorated—though they cannot be wholly overcome. The body may be ſtrengthened by moderate and regular exerciſe—and by a prompt attention to thoſe minute ſprings that actuate the human machine. The mind, alſo, may be diverted from brooding on ills—by indulging in harmleſs gaiety, and cheerful ſociety. This, indeed, will not leſſen its ſuſceptibility—but it will render its ſenſations more diverſified. Of this the valetudinary may be aſſured, that whatever increaſes the vigour of the frame, gives alſo a tenſion

to the mental powers; for matter and mind, by the laws of their inſeparable union, act reciprocally on each other.

But it is to the young I addreſs myſelf.—Ye who now feaſt on the bliſsful fruition of health—who are juſt entering on the exerciſe of all your faculties, freſh and unimpaired—and promiſe yourſelves years of enjoyment——paufe for a moment, before you determine on your courſe of life; and reflect, that ye may not be deceived! In every thing, avoid exceſs; and let temperence be your conſtant gueſt. View with horror the mad jollity of intoxication: appreciate the dignity of man; and never ſink to the nature of the beaſt!—Value health as the firſt good; and never wantonly forfeit it by momentary pleaſure—nor think, that when once loſt, it may be recovered with eaſe.

See that ſallow complexion—that death-like eye—that faltering ſtep, in the very opening of manhood! Know, that wretched being was too eager to enjoy; and ſurfeited at the feaſt which might have ſatisfied for years! He riſes from the table with regret; he repents

of his folly—but repentence is vain: he ſtill envies, though he cannot enjoy: and with the natural love of life, is mixed the hope and fear of death. His courſe is not naturally run; but he is ſuddenly arreſted in his carreer. He looks forward to the gaol he might have reached—and ſinks into the arms of deſpair!

Obſerve that cripple, tottering on crutches—with ſcarcely a foot he dares to print on the ground. His features are contorted with pain—the gout preys on his joints—the ſtone racks his loins! At intervals of eaſe, he affects jocularity—the next moment he writhes with agony: yet he was once the pride of feſtivity, and the preſident of mirth. "He lingered long at the wine;" he kept the table in a roar. He broke a jeſt, as often as he emptied a glaſs. He toaſted his friends, till he could not diſtinguiſh them from his foes. His conſtitution gave him repeated admonitions that it could not bear him through, if he did not deſiſt.—It was ſtrong—but it would not ſubmit to be abuſed: it would be a ſervant, but not a ſlave. It argued and warned in vain; and, being now broken by intemperance, reproaches him for

his imprudence, and ſhrinks even from frugal enjoyments. He has doomed the remainder of his life to miſery; and, perhaps, left hereditary diſeaſe as the unalienable portion of his poſterity.

Such views "*feelingly convince us what we are.*" Are you ſtartled at the picture—does your boſom beat for happineſs—has old age and comfort charms? Learn to avoid exceſs—and early limit the deluſions of joy.

The *mens sana in corpore sano*—is all that a wiſe man ſhould really covet of temporal goods, or can always enjoy. This cannot be bought with wealth—nor will it liſten to the ſolicitations of pomp. In this reſpect, PROVIDENCE has been impartially juſt: all ranks are alike qualified for the fruition of health—and none can be happy without it: what is indiſpenſably neceſſary to the well-being of all, is equally diſtributed among all Creation's ſons.

## CONSOLATION.

NO one ought to remind another of misfortunes of which the ſufferer does not complain, and which there are no means propoſed of alleviating. We have no right to excite thoughts which neceſſarily give pain, whenever they return, and which perhaps might not have revived but by abſurd and unſeaſonable compaſſion.

Nothing is more offenſive to a mind convinced that its diſtreſs is without a remedy, and preparing to ſubmit quietly to irreſiſtable calamity, than thoſe petty and conjectured comforts which unſkilful officiouſneſs thinks it virtue to adminiſter.

## CRITICISM.

He who is taught by a critic to diſlike that which pleaſed him in its natural ſtate, has the ſame reaſon to complain of his inſtructor, as the madman to rail at his doctor, who, when he thought himſelf maſter of *Peru*, phyſicked him to poverty.

[The following, taken from an old publication, will probably amuſe ſome of the readers of your uſeful miſcellany; its inſertion will oblige yours &c.]

TYRO.

## THEORETICAL MECHANICAL PARADOX.

*Propoſition.*

To make a rope which will bear any degree of force applied, without breaking.

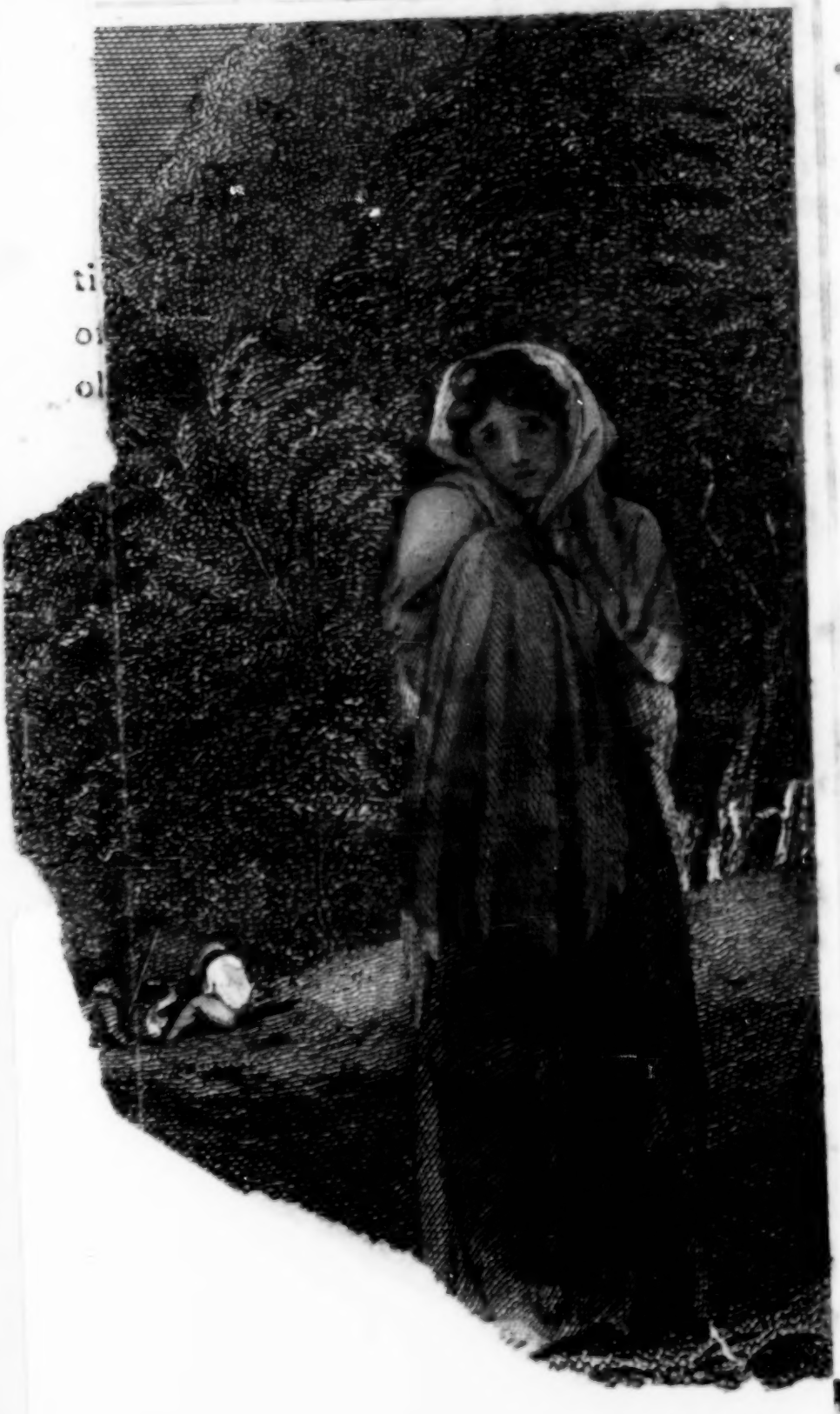
*Conſtruction.*

Let the rope be of any degree of ſtrength whatever, but let it be equally ſtrong in every part; I ſay it cannot break.

*Demonſtration.*

For, if it does break, it muſt break ſomewhere, and that ſomewhere will be in the weakeſt part; but by *conſtruction*, the rope has no weakeſt part, every point of it is ſuppoſed of equal ſtrength, and will conſequently oppoſe an equal reſiſtance, and therefore the rope cannot break.

Q. E. D.



## KATE IS CRAZ'D.

*(With an Elegant Engraving.)*

THERE often wanders one, whom better days
Saw better clad, in cloak of ſatin trimm'd
With lace, and hat with ſplendid ribband bound.
A ſerving maid was ſhe, and fell in love
With one who left her, went to ſea, and died.
Her fancy followed him through foaming waves
To diſtant ſhores; and ſhe would ſit and weep
At what a ſailor ſuffers; fancy, too,
Deluſive moſt where warmeſt wiſhes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of tranſports ſhe was not to know.
She heard the doleful tidings of his death—
And never ſmil'd again! and now ſhe roams
The dreary waſte; there ſpends the livelong day,
And there, unleſs when charity forbids,
The livelong night. A tatter'd apron hides,
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown

More tatter'd ſtill; and both but ill conceal
A boſom heav'd with never-ceaſing ſighs.
She begs an idle pin of all ſhe meets,
And hoards them in her ſleeve; but needful
food,
Though preſs'd with hunger oft, or comelier
clothes,
Though pinch'd with cold, aſks never.—Kate
is craz'd! COWPER.

## FRIENDSHIP: AN ODE.

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of Heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world deny'd.

While Love, unknown among the bleſt,
Parent of thouſand wild deſires,
The ſavage and the human breaſt
Torments alike with raging fires.

With bright but oft deſtructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly;
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the fav'rites of the ſky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltleſs joys
On fools and villains ne'er deſcend;
In vain for thee the tyrant ſighs,
And huggs a flatterer for a friend.

Directreſs of the brave and juſt,
O guide us thro' Life's darkſome way!
And let the tortures of miſtruſt
On ſelfiſh boſoms only prey.

Nor ſhall thine ardours ceaſe to glow,
When ſouls to peaceful climes remove,
What rais'd our virtue here below,
Shall aid our happineſs above.

JOHNSON.

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## THE SHRUBBERY.

*Written in a time of Affliction.*

O HAPPY ſhades! to me unbleſt,
Friendly to peace, but not to me;
How ill the ſcene that offers reſt,
And heart that cannot reſt, agree!

This glaſſy ſtream, that ſpreading pine,
Thoſe alders quiv'ring to the breeze,
Might ſoothe a ſoul leſs hurt than mine,
And pleaſe, if any thing could pleaſe.

But fix'd, unalterable care
Foregoes not what ſhe feels within;
Shews the ſame ſadneſs every where,
And ſlights the ſeaſon and the ſcene.

For all that pleas'd in wood or lawn,
While peace poſſeſt theſe ſilent bowers,

Her animating ſmile withdrawn,
  Hath loſt its beauties and its powers.

The ſaint or moraliſt ſhould tread
  This moſs-grown alley, muſing ſlow;
They ſeek, like me, the ſecret ſhade,
  But not, like me, to nouriſh woe.

Me frightful ſcenes and proſpects waſte,
  Alike admoniſh not to roam;
Theſe tell me of enjoyments paſt,
  And thoſe of ſorrows yet to come.

COWPER.

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## CARE AND GENEROSITY.

### *A Fable.*

OLD Care, with induſtry and art,
At length ſo well had play'd his part,
He heap'd up ſuch an ample ſtore,
That Avarice could not ſigh for more:
Ten thouſand flocks his ſhepherd told,
His coffers overflow'd with gold,
The land all round him was his own,
With corn his crowded granaries groan
In ſhort, ſo vaſt his charge and gain,
That to poſſeſs them was a pain:
With happineſs oppreſs'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wiſe.

Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd;
Good, amiable, ſincere, and free;
Her name was Generoſity.
'Twas her's the largeſs to beſtow
On rich and poor, on friend and foe.
Her doors to all were open'd wide,
The pilgrim there might ſafe abide:
For th' hungry and the thirſty crew,
The bread ſhe broke, the drink ſhe drew;
There Sickneſs laid her aching head,
And there Diſtreſs could find a bed.
Each hour with an all-bounteous hand,
Diffus'd the bleſſings round the land:
Her gifts and glory laſted long,
And numerous was th' accepting throng.
At length pale Penury ſeiz'd the dame,
And Fortune fled and Ruin came;
She found her riches at an end,
And that ſhe had not made one friend.
All curs'd her for not giving more,
Nor thought on what ſhe'd done before:
She wept, ſhe rav'd, ſhe tore her hair,
When, lo! to comfort her, came Care;
And cry'd, my dear, if you will join
Your hands in nuptial bonds with mine,
All will be well—you ſhall have ſtore,
And I be plagu'd with wealth no more.
Tho' I reſtrain your bounteous art,
You ſhall act the generous part.
The bridal came, great was the feaſt,
And good the pudding and the prieſt.

The bride in nine moons brought him forth
A little maid of matchleſs worth:
Her face was mix'd of care and glee;
They chriſten'd her œconomy;
And ſtyl'd her fair Diſcretion's Queen,
The miſtreſs of the golden mean,
Now Generoſity confin'd
Perfectly eaſy in her mind,
Still loves to give, yet knows to ſpare,
Nor wiſhes to be free from Care.

SMART.

## HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL DRIVER.

IN ſilent horror o'er the boundleſs waſte
The driver Haſſan with his camels paſt;
One cruiſe of water on his back he bore,
And his light ſcrip contain'd a ſcanty ſtore;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his ſhaded face from ſcorching ſand.
The ſultry ſun had gain'd the middle ſky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beaſts, with pain, the duſty way purſue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With deſperate ſorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice ſigh'd, thrice ſtruck his breaſt, and thus began:

" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Shiraz' walls I bent my way !"

Ah ! little thought I of the blaſting wind,
The thirſt, or pinching hunger, that I find !
Bethink thee, Haſſan, where ſhall thirſt aſ-
ſuage,
When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage ?
Soon ſhall this ſcrip its precious load reſign,
Then what but tears and hunger ſhall be thine ?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare !
Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break
away,
Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more bleſt, or verdant vales be-
ſtow :
Here rocks alone, and taſteleſs ſands are found,
And faint and ſickly winds for ever howl a-
round.
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Shiraz' walls I bent my
way !"

Curſt be the gold and ſilver that perſuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade !
The lily peace, outſhines the ſilver ſtore,
And life is dearer than the golden ore :
Yet money tempts us o'er the deſert brown,
To every diſtant mart and wealthy town.

Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the ſea:
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin ſo attractive made,
Or why fond man ſo eaſily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haſte along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleaſure's ſong?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's ſide,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold,
Than dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Shiraz' walls I bent my way!"

O ceaſe, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd ſcenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the duſt I view his printed feet:
And, fearful! oft when Day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
By hunger rous'd he ſcours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and ſullen tigers in his train:
Before them Death with ſhrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Shiraz' walls I bent my way!"

At that dead hour the ſilent aſp ſhall creep,
If aught of reſt I find, upon my ſleep;

Or ſome ſwoln ſerpent twiſt his ſcales around,
And wake to anguiſh with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wiſe contented poor,
From luſt of wealth, and dread of death ſecure!
They tempt no deſerts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where Reaſon rules the mind.
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Shiraz' walls I bent my way!"

O hapleſs youth! for ſhe thy love hath won,
The tender Zara will be moſt undone!
Big ſwell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When faſt ſhe drops her tears, as thus ſhe ſaid:
"Farewell the youth whom ſighs could not detain,
"Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
"Yet as thou go'ſt may every blaſt ariſe
"Weak and unfelt, as theſe rejected ſighs!
"Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'ſt thou ſee,
"No griefs endure, nor weep, falſe youth, like me."
O, let me ſafely to the fair return,
Say, with a kiſs, ſhe muſt not, ſhall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to loſe its fears,
Recall'd by wiſdom's voice, and Zara's tears.
He ſaid, and call'd on heaven to bleſs the day,
When back to Shiraz' walls he bent his way,

COLLINS.

## A FATHER'S EXTEMPORE CONSOLATION ON THE DEATH OF TWO DAUGHTERS.

*Who lived only two Days.*

LET vulgar ſouls endure the body's chain,
Till life's dull current ebbs in ev'ry vein,
Dream out a tedious age ere wide diſplay'd,
Death's darkeſt priſon wraps them in the ſhade.
Theſe happy infants, early taught to ſhun
All that the world admires beneath the ſun,
Scorn'd the weak bands mortality could tie,
And fled impatient to their native ſky.
Dear precious babes; alas! when fondly wild,
A mother's heart, hung melting o'er her child.
When my charm'd eye a flood of joy expreſs'd,
And all the Father kindled in my breaſt,
A ſudden paleneſs ſeiz'd each guiltleſs face,
And Death, tho' ſmiling, crept o'er ev'ry grace.
Nature! be calm, heave not the impaſſion'd ſigh,
Nor teach one tear to tremble in my eye.
A few unſpotted moments paſs'd between
Their dawn of being, and their cloſing ſcene.
And ſure no nobler bleſſing can be giv'n,
When one ſhort anguiſh is the price of Heav'n.

CAWTHORNE.

## THE DOVES.

I.

REAS'NING at every ſtep he treads,
Man yet miſtakes his way,
While meaner things, whom inſtinct leads,
Are rarely known to ſtray.

II.

One ſilent eve I wander'd late,
And heard the voice of love;
The turtle thus addreſs'd her mate,
And ſooth'd the liſt'ning dove—

III.

Our mutual bond of faith and truth,
No time ſhall diſengage;
Thoſe bleſſings of our early youth,
Shall cheer our lateſt age:

IV.

While innocence without diſguiſe,
And conſtancy ſincere,
Shall fill the circles of thoſe eyes,
And mine can read them there;

V.

Thoſe ills that wait on all below
Shall ne'er be felt by me,
Or, gently felt, and only ſo,
As being ſhar'd with thee.

VI.

When lightnings flash among the trees,
Or kites are hov'ring near,
I fear lest thee alone they seize,
And know no other fear.

VII.

'Tis then I feel myself a wife,
And press thy wedded side,
Resolv'd an union form'd for life
Death never shall divide.

VIII.

But, oh! if, fickle and unchaste,
(Forgive a transient thought)
Thou could become unkind at last,
And scorn thy present lot,

IX.

No need of lightnings from on high,
Or kites with cruel beak;
Denied th' endearments of thine eye,
This widow'd heart would break.

X.

Thus sang the sweet sequestered bird
Soft as the passing wind,
And I recorded what I heard—
A lesson for mankind.

COWPER.

NO. II. VOL. III.

FOR THE JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

## *On the Evidences of a Deity.*

"Adore a God—ſtand forth—come boldly ſay,
"Who elſe bids thunder roll, yon' light'nings play?
"Canſt thou not tell?—a God, a God obey!"

WHEN we look around us, let us turn which way we will, we ſee evident traces of an Almighty power! Every thing which ſalutes our wandering eyes, inconteſtibly declares the preſence of a Supreme Being. How beautiful are the expreſſions of the Royal Pſalmiſt on this ſubject.—"If I aſcend into heaven, Thou art *there*; if I go down into the regions of the miſerable, Thou art *there alſo*: if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermoſt parts of the ſea; even *there* ſhall *Thy* hand guide me, and *Thy* right hand ſupport me!"

Whatſoever we behold, proves that his goodneſs is equal to his greatneſs. He it is, who "tempers the wind to the ſhorn lamb," and "feedeth the young ravens which cry unto him:" *He* preſerves the various tribes of fowls, fiſhes, and inſects, with every living creature, in the enjoyment of thoſe faculties which are moſt fitted to their natures, and ſatisfies their wants by his bleſſed Providence!— When we approach ſtill nearer, and inquire into the various laws which govern the Univerſe, our wonder will not by any means ceaſe: we ſhall have ſtill more cauſe to praiſe that Power who is univerſally preſent, and rules the vaſt extended ſphere of the Creation: they are, indeed, leſſons to the attentive mind. How *ſimple* do we find them! The ſame law which determines the fall of an apple, extends through the infinity of ſpace: guides the innumerable celeſtial bodies, which revolve in their orbits in due time, and perhaps individually preſent a grateful change of day and night, together with a delightful viciſſitude of ſeaſons, to their inhabitants: ſimilar to thoſe on the globe which we inhabit!

"That very law which moulds a tear,
"And bids it trickle from its ſource,
"That law preſerves the earth a ſphere,
"And guides the planets in their courſe."

ROGERS.

Yet when we caſt our eyes over the ſpangled firmament, and contemplate thoſe numerous bodies which throw a faint light upon this "dark terreſtrial ball," can we juſtly ſuppoſe, that theſe were formed ſolely for our uſe, when the Almighty Being who ſuperintends the vaſt machine, whoſe "wheels" are ſecreted from our frail conceptions, could, perhaps by a far leſs exertion of His power, have created an additional moon, whoſe radience would greatly ſurpaſs the light which could be afforded by a thouſand times the number of thoſe celeſtial orbs, which are ſituated at ſo vaſt a diſtance, that the beſt glaſſes which have yet been conſtructed, can ſhew them to the eye of an aſtronomer but as a ſmall point? nay—ſome of them are juſtly conſidered to be ſo far from the earth, that the light, whoſe paſſage is ſwifter than the lightning, proceeding from them, has not yet reached us ſince the creation! no—

it is much more rational to conclude, that they ſerve as ſuns to other numerous ſyſtems, and are centers of attraction to numberleſs revolving bodies, like thoſe which compoſe the one, of which this globe is but a *ſmall part*—theſe will ever be hidden from our view, until the ſoul is freed from its earthly fetters, which confine its perceptions in ſuch an amazing degree, and that great day arrives, when the Son of Man ſhall come encircled with glory, and with legions of Arch-angels ſounding his praiſe—"to judge the quick and the dead"—when Atheiſm and Infidelity, with their horrid train, ſhall be annihilated, and man no more bend beneath their deteſted power. Does not this imperfect view of the ſubject, teach us humility, and make our oſtentatious vanity hide itſelf abaſhed?—Such are the wonders viſible around us, that he who can direct the optic tube to the Heavens, or view with attentive eye the book of nature, and experience not within him, emotions of wonder, love, and gratitude to his CREATOR, muſt indeed be void of all feeling: there is nothing *human* belonging to him.

But we need not ſeek thus far, to be convinced of a ſuperintending Providence. Let me then, endeavour to turn your attention to a *few* of thoſe *innumerable* circumſtances, which, on our globe, inconteſtibly declare themſelves to be evidences of a Supreme Being. Mark the ſtructure of our frame—how wonderfully are we made !—on how little hangs our thread of exiſtence ; and yet what numerous accidents befal us through life, from the apprehended effects of which, we eſcape as by a miracle ! And though our births and deaths are equally characterized by pain and anguiſh—though our paſſage through this life, is checquered with all the variety of woe, yet how many bleſſings are we favoured with to compenſate for the troubles we may ſuffer ?

View the riſing and the ſetting of that body, which is the fountain of vivifying light and heat to the globes which revolve round him—Had not the vaſt atmoſphere which ſurrounds us, a refractive power, the moment the ſun reclined beneath the horizon, darkneſs terrific would be the immediate reſult !—Man, engaged in thoſe duties to which he dedicates his

attention, would ſuddenly be interrupted; without warning, he would find himſelf immerſed in the ſhades of midnight; and when the morning came, the refulgent ſplendour of the luminary of the heavens, would burſt inſtantaneouſly with dazzling brightneſs upon his view!—"thoſe that look out of the windows" would "be darkened," and he would be no more able to contemplate the various beauties around him. Here the beneficial effects of twilight, are ſelf-evident—yet this, as well as numberleſs other circumſtances, which addreſs the mind in feeling language, are paſſed unnoticed and unheeded, by vain and preſumptuous mortals, whom "trifles light as air," conſtantly engage, and whoſe attention is entirely engroſſed by one object—ſelf-gratification.

Behold the grateful viciſſitude of the ſeaſons—the influence of which, promotes the germination, nouriſhment, and growth, of the various fruits of the earth, together with thoſe numerous vegetables proper for culinary or medicinal uſe:—all being produced in due time and ſeaſon, to ſatisfy the wants of rapacious

man, who, not content with theſe bleſſings without number, derides that Being who grants them, and in many caſes, becomes ſo depraved and loſt to all ſenſe of duty, as even impiouſly to *deny* His exiſtence! What ſtriking ingratitude!

Nothing ought more ſtrongly to intereſt and excite our attention, than the various facts which nature preſents to us, for ſubjects of our contemplation. Yet numerous as theſe are, which are evident to our ſenſes, a far greater number lie hidden from our finite view, ſtill more magnificent and wonderful! What an immenſe field of obſervation, have *microscopic* diſcoveries laid open to us, before entirely unknown!—and how much more does the preſent imperfection of the uſeful inſtruments by which theſe are conducted, probably deprive us of? We are ſituated, as it were, in the midſt of a large and noble Temple, many of the wonders it contains, being ſufficiently palpable to engage our notice, we are led faintly to admire ſome of their moſt diſtinguiſhing properties; but there are *recesses* in this grand ſtructure of the Univerſe, which contain an infinitely ex-

tended number of objects, clothed with magnificence and sublimity! The powers of man are not sufficient to discover these—his capacity is too limitted, even to survey as he ought, those which are presented to him in *legible* characters. This subject might be more fully enlarged upon; but I have already exceeded by far my intended limits: the few facts I have mentioned, are not the only instances of our neglect, in searching their beauties, and admitting them to be strong evidences of the existence of a benevolent *Director* of this grand work.—Were I to attempt even to *enumerate* but a very small number of them, I should feel myself utterly unqualified; and incapable of performing it. Others have, in some measure done it: yet were they employed a thousand times as long as they have already been, still *innumerable* would be the convincing facts, which would remain as indubitable evidences of an Allwise Governor of the Universe!

And can atheism with all its host of supporters, lift their impious heads on high, and while contemplating upon these things, cry out "There is no God!"——my readers,

pauſe——can chance—blind chance produce theſe numerous wonders? Can you reflect upon the foregoing circumſtances, which I have, with debile efforts, endeavoured to trace—and believe that there is *no* overruling Power who has formed the admirable ſtructure of the creation?—where, throughout the concatenation which ſubſiſts in it, all the minutiæ coincide with each other, rendering the whole a great fabric, whoſe limits exceed our finite comprehenſion.

"All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
"Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul."
POPE.

What a ſolemn appeal to the underſtandings of every one does my motto contain!—The grand truth which it declares to the mind, cannot but be evident; all nature triumphantly cries aloud, "a God, a God obey!"—the ſoul in contemplating the magnificence around it, becomes "pregnant with celeſtial fire;" is affected with glowing emotions, and tranſported beyond itſelf;

"Joy, with his lamp of exquiſite delight,
"And keen-eyed rapture claps his eagle wing."

The peaceful delights which are afforded by perusing the volume of nature, are, indeed, far superior to those boisterous pleasures, which we meet with in places of dissipation; *they* cannot render the mind pleased with itself: on the contrary, they drown reflection, and debilitate its powers.

Encourage not, then, the delusions which Infidelity spreads before you with a liberal hand, and which are so injurious to your eternal happiness; and while meditating on the wonders before you, learn to adore that Being who protects the very least of his creatures from injury:—"A sparrow cannot fall to the ground, without His permission:" and if the beings which are reckoned so small in the rank of creation, dwell under the shadow of His Almighty Wing, will He not also be mindful of man, the workmanship of His *own hands*, who has dominion over the "fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea,"—and whom He has appointed to rule the rest of living beings in the scale of nature? Yes, my youthful readers, no doubt of it can possibly remain in any rational mind which is open to conviction;

" Will he not care for you, ye faithleſs?—ſay,
" Is he unwiſe? or are ye *leſs* than they?"

Cheriſh then the hopes which are preſented for your acceptance; and they will, if encouraged within your breaſts, ſerve

" To raiſe the virtues, animate the bliſs,
" And ſweeten all the toils of human life."

THOMSON.

And when the glories of nature ſhall vaniſh away from your view,

" May you change the faint joys of this earth,
" For tranſports uncloying in heaven."

F.

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## MEDITATIONS ON A PUDDING,

BY DR. JOHNSON, IN PLAYFUL FANCY.

LET us ſeriouſly reflect of what a pudding is compoſed. It is compoſed of flour, that once waved in the golden grain, and drank of the dews of the morning; of milk, preſſed from the ſwelling udder by the gentle hand of the beauteous milk-maid, whoſe beauty and

innocence might have recommended a worſe drought, who, while ſhe ſtroked the udder, indulged no ambitious thoughts of wandering in palaces, and formed no plans for the deſtruction of her fellow creatures. Milk, which is drawn from the cow, that uſeful animal, that eats the graſs of the field, and ſupplies us with that which made the greateſt part of the food of mankind in the age which the poets have agreed to call golden. It is made with an egg, that miracle of nature, which the theoretical Burnett has compared to creation; an egg contains matter within its beautiful ſmooth ſurface, and an unformed maſs, which by the incubation of the parent, becomes a regular animal, furniſhed with bones and ſinews, and covered with feathers. Let us conſider, can there be more wanting to complete this meditation on a pudding! if more is wanting more may be found. It contains ſalt, which keeps the ſea from prtrifaction; ſalt, which is made the image of intellectual eſſence, contributes to the formation of a pudding.

## OSSIAN'S ADDRES TO THE SUN.

O THOU that rolleſt above, round as the ſhield of my fathers, whence are thy beams, O ſun! whence thy everlaſting light! Thou comeſt forth in thy awful beauty, and the ſtars hide themſelves in the ſky. The moon, cold and pale, ſinks in the weſtern wave; but thou, thou thyſelf, moveſt alone! Who can be a companion of thy courſe? The oaks of the mountains fall, the mountains themſelves decay with years, the ocean ſhrinks and grows again, the moon herſelf is loſt in heaven; but thou art forever the ſame, rejoicing in the brightneſs of thy courſe! When the world is dark with tempeſts; when the thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookeſt in thy beauty from the clouds, and laugheſt at the ſtorm. But to Oſſian thou lookeſt in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair flows on the eaſtern cloud, or thou trembleſt at the gates of the weſt.

## DETACHED THOUGHTS,

BY LORD ORFORD.

HISTORY is a romance that is believed: a romance, a hiſtory that is not believed.

Montaigne pleaſed becauſe he wrote what he thought; other authors think what they ſhall write.

When flatterers compliment kings for virtues that are the very reverſe of their characters; they remind me of the ſtory of a little boy, who was apt to tell people of any remarkable defect in their perſons. One day a gentleman who had an extraordinary large noſe, being to dine with the boy's parents, his mother charged him not to ſay any thing of the gentleman's large noſe.—When he arrived the child ſtared at him, and then turning to his mother, ſaid—"Mamma, what a pretty *little nose* that gentleman has."

This world is a comedy to thoſe who think; a tragedy to thoſe who feel.

FOR THE JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

*Contemplations on a future state.*

"Bids youth immortal trample on the grave."
GISBORNE.

AMONG the many reaſons we poſſeſs for believing in a future ſtate of exiſtence, there is none I think, excluſive of revealed religion, that ranks higher, than the increaſing perfection of the ſoul. Is it poſſible that the Creator of the Univerſe would endow his creature man with various faculties and perceptions, which he bids him to improve by every means in his power, if by *death* he ſhould be entirely deprived of them:—if in advancing daily ſtill nearer and nearer to the ſource in which all perfection is centered, and when juſt looking around him and examining his condition—when ſcience has opened but a few of her treaſures in his ſight, the thread of his life ſhould be cut ſhort, and thoſe powers be ſuddenly annihilated? no—it cannot be.—If we could not

extend our views beyond this frail ſtate of exiſtence, we ſhould be miſerable indeed: for the proſpect of a future muſt animate us in our purſuits in virtue; muſt ſupport us in every trial and diſcomfiture we will have to ſuffer, in our journey through "the valley of the ſhadow of death." But man is not deſtitute of every hope; he poſſeſſes a *higher* privilege; his reaſon diſperſes the miſts of Ignorance and Error, triumphs over the wiles of Atheiſm, and Religion preſents a view of things beyond the uncertain bounds of this life:

"The form etherial burſts upon his ſight,
"And moves in all the majeſty of light."

PARNELL.

She points to future ſcenes of bliſs, and ſtrongly directs his attention to ſuperior objects than mundane enjoyments. Yet ſtrange to tell, he heeds not her admonitions—treats them with neglect, and becomes ſo elevated by his own trifling attainments, as to think that this ſcene below is the only one in which he will act part!

" See, the bold Atheiſt tramples Wiſdom's laws,
" Stops Nature's call, and mocks th' Eternal cauſe:
" Builds all on chance, and (horrid to relate!)
" Blots out exiſtence in a future ſtate."

When we ſurvey the earth, and the various emblems of a future exiſtence which it preſents to us, ought we to doubt for a moment of its truth? The ſoul when contemplating her ſmall advances towards perfection, ſhudders when a total deſtruction of her powers is believed though for a very ſhort time. Can we then heſitate in acknowledging to be truth, what every thing around us proclaim in irreſiſtable language?—" what though no real voice nor ſound" be heard among them, yet

" In *Reason's* ear they all rejoice,
" And utter forth a glorious voice,"

declaring to the minds of all, a truth which will remain incontrovertable by the armour of Infidelity, and endure even in the remoteſt of ages.

In vain do the French philoſophers attempt to perſuade mankind that " death is an eternal

ſleep;" the dying words of the greateſt ſupporters and warmeſt advocate of this doctrine, prove that they themſelves did not believe it, and endeavoured when too late to rectify their miſtakes, and deſtroy the deluſions of their perverted Reaſon. The burſting of the tombs of the cryſalides,—the ſetting and riſing of the ſun—the renewal of the variagated foliage of the lap of nature, after the ſtorms of dreary winter have ſubſided—and in ſhort, every thing which we behold, ſerve to convince and remind us of a ſtate of future being. But man, deceived by the viſions of fantaſy—borne along by the overbearing torrent of his paſſions, and overwhelmed by the tumults of his unlooſed imagination, ſeeks to ſhelter himſelf under the frail, tottering canopy of ſophiſtry from theſe convincing truths. He can view with apathy the riſing hillocks which announce to the ſoul the remains of a mortal like himſelf, depoſited beneath them, and believe that there they will forever remain; and encourage doubts in his mind, the indulgence of which, though he ſeeks conſolation from it, yet it grants him no peace. His ſoul, terrified with the proſpect of

a future ſtate, which he has not concerned himſelf for the enjoyment of, and the *reality* of which he is fully convinced, though he endeavours to hide it, and deſtroy that conviction by every means he poſſeſſes—ſhrinks within itſelf, wiſhes to undergo a total annihilation, and ſhudders at the view replete with horror before it!

Eternity has been juſtly repreſented as ſimilar to a vaſt chain extending through the boundleſs regions of ſpace, whoſe ends are forever hidden in obſcurity, and only a few links of which are rendered viſible: progreſſing like this, though millions of years may be paſſed, yet ſtill we are as far from this concluſion as when we firſt ſtarted:—how important then is it to every one, that this eternal exiſtence be made to abound with pleaſures. But alas! theſe pleaſures the Atheiſt can never feel!—On the contrary, he who looks with a rational mind upon the ſcenes around him, can ſee in them proofs inconteſtible of this everlaſting truth; and if his life is paſſed with this proſpect before him, he can behold the pale faced meſſenger approach, with a reliance on that

Power, the approbation of whom, it has been his greateſt ſtudy to deſerve, and look forward with a confidence that he, with numerous others who may follow his noble example, when they yield up their earthly cares, and "the golden bowl be broken at the fountain," will

——————"behold him, and with ſongs,
"And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
"Circle his throne rejoicing."——————

MILTON.

How tranſporting will then be his feelings!—when he ſhall be joined to thoſe whom he has loved on earth, and to whom he was united by the ſtrongeſt ties of affection and love, and again ſee them, far more perfect in their natures and enjoyments than while in this tranſitory ſcene—when the frailties of our perceptions and the weakneſs of our powers will vaniſh, when our *finite* views ſhall become *infinite*, and we be at liberty to advance towards perfection through endleſs ages: when the ſoul expanding her airy wings, ſhall ſoar in praiſe to her Maker, and every wiſh be fully gratified!

N.

FOR THE JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

## *The Moralist.*

" Whatſoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

AGAIN I addreſs my youthful readers; and, for the laſt time, endeavour to turn their attention to things of greater import, than their common ſublunary concerns. Let then the parting counſels of your friend be liſtened to with patience, and may you in your future lives, receive with gratitude the bleſſings of Providence, and bear with firmneſs thoſe trials which you are deſtined to paſs through, in this " world of woe."

In the various tranſactions of life in which you may be engaged, you will doubtleſs ſee many act on mercenary principles—principles in which *self-interest* is the ſole reigning motive. But, I have no doubt you will be fully ſenſible of their impropriety, and endeavour with your utmoſt ſtrength, to act conſiſtently with the dignity of human nature, and to reſiſt the impulſes which they may occaſion in your

minds. You cannot be ignorant of the various temptations to which you are ſubject, through the vile machinations of thoſe, who, as they cannot enjoy peace by their preſent line of conduct, ſtrive to make others miſerable, by the adoption of their vicious ſentiments. Of theſe, there are, unhappily for mankind, too great a number! Attracted by the glare of falſe philoſophy, youth are imperceptibly perſuaded—too often perſuaded to forſake the peaceful bowers of religion, and enliſt under the gaudy banners of this phantom "that leads, to bewilder—and dazzles, to blind;" but the pleaſures which they can enjoy under her influence, are but tranſient,

"Full quickly they paſs—but they never return;"

BEATTIE.

they vaniſh before the light of religion and of ſcience, "and like the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion, leave not a wreck behind!"

Permit therefore, a youth, like you ſubject to innumerable temptations, to engage a few leiſure moments, and endeavour to excite your attention to joys, far more ſubſtantial than

thoſe which you may experience, by following vice in her devious and uncertain footſteps:

"Theſe tranſient ſtarts, embers of dying fire,
"Glow for a moment, ſparkle and expire."

Not ſo, the delights of a quiet conſcience, knowing no guile: theſe are permanent.

Many there are, who think, if they perform a conduct coinciding with thoſe ſentiments of negative morality they entertain, or in other words, *do no harm to any one*, that they act up to the very ſpirit of chriſtianity:—but let me aſk, cannot the *dead* do the ſame?—*they* do no evil, and the only difference exiſting between theſe is, that the former have power to do miſchief in the world, and refrain from it; not that they have no inclination to commit evil deeds, but becauſe they are too indolent to gratify that inclination, or to exerciſe that power which they poſſeſs; and this indolence paſſes with them, for the influence of religion in their hearts, which, in their opinion, preſerves them from committing that evil!—Aſtoniſhing perverſion of the diſcriminating faculties of the ſoul! What *infatuation* is here evident—how is reaſon that noble gift, debaſ-

ed, when ſuch ſentiments as theſe are allowed to prevail in the human breaſt!—but I will proceed to diſtinguiſh them: this may be done in a very few words. The dead do no evil becauſe they have *no power*:—Here then, the only difference between them reſts; and trifling it is indeed!—Man in viewing it, ought to bluſh with conſcious ſhame.

No, my young readers, religion conſiſts not in doing "no harm," but in performing every good in our power to our frail fellow mortals, to every exiſting being around us, and doing it "to the glory of God."—You will hence be convinced, that morality cannot exiſt without religion:—this alone is the very foundation of all moral virtue—the rock on which, it will forever reſt. If this ſtands firm in our breaſts, not all the ſtorms of adverſity—the tempeſts of malevolence, or the ſhafts of deiſm, will ever be able to ſhake it: the "fiery darts of the wicked" will fall harmleſs by our ſides, the lovers of this world will hide themſelves from its ſuperior reſulgence, and falſe philoſophy, or in other words atheiſm and infidelity, will ſuffer a final *overthrow* by its power. It will not

therefore, anſwer the end for which we were created, by ſetting aſide our duty to God and our fellow creatures with ſaying, 'my life ſhall be entirely actuated by moral principles; I will not injure any of my fellow mortals, but endeavour to refrain from evil as much as lies in my power.' Man, if he lived in a deſart, remote from the footſteps of a human being, could do this with eaſe; but he was not made for ſolitude, "it is not good for "him" to be alone" —he was formed for ſociety, and ſociety for him—*here* the moral virtues can be cheriſhed, humanity can make her reſidence in his breaſt —here benevolence can extend her gentle ſway; whether it be to ſooth "a piteous mourner by the pathway ſide," or to ſtretch out the hand of relief

"To where the dungeon'd mourner heaves the ſigh,
"Where not one cheering ſun-beam meets his eye:

BLOOMFIELD.

and if he acts up to the precept contained in my motto, he will experience a joy which would otherwiſe be entirely remote from his breaſt.

Happy indeed are thoſe, whoſe office it is to perform theſe actions: the pleaſures which they feel in liſtening with compaſſion to the ſighings of the needy, and the orphans cry, and drying up the widow's tear, ſurpaſs by far thoſe emotions which the ſelfiſh philoſophers, who, in the preſent day ſeek to extend their pernicious doctrines among mankind, can poſſibly ever feel. Angels bend down from heaven with delight, to view them in the performance of theſe laudable acts. Suffer me then to impreſs upon your minds, the importance of tranſacting thoſe duties which will call for your attention in future life.—Now is the only time to cheriſh theſe noble feelings of the heart: they will take root with ſtrength, and their growth will be rapid, if ſelf-intereſt does not prevent it. Encourage theſe ſenſations which the Creator of the Univerſe has kindly implanted in your youthful boſoms; and do not invalidate His deſigns by your obſtinate rejection of them: and if you act thus uprightly, you will engage the eſteem of every virtuous man through a long courſe of a uſeful life: you will extend the influence of thoſe bleſſings with

which you are favoured, far around you: the ſphere of your benevolence will not be contracted within any circumſcribed limits; you will receive the ſweet approbation of the Moſt High, and His favour will deſcend upon your heads as the gentle dew of heaven, refreſhing and ſalutary by its bleſſed power: and you can lay them in the duſt without regret, and leave a world of folly without a ſigh. Your prayers will aſcend acceptably unto God, "and guarding angels waft them into heaven,"—and when rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move with the lapſe of ages, you will receive a reward "prepared for you, from the foundation of the world."

O then, let me in this place earneſtly entreat you, oftentimes to elevate your thoughts above your groveling, earthly purſuits, and your tranſitory enjoyments. Be not ſo *buried* in them, as to permit any vicious motive to govern you—revere the religion which your anceſtors have laudably cheriſhed: adore in humility the Almighty ſource of light and life, the eternal fountain from whom all the bleſſings which you enjoy are derived: "whatſoever ye do, *do all* to the glory of God," and *let*

*your morality have its basis on the rock of ages.*

And now, my youthful readers, permit me to bid you an affectionate adieu—and may that Supreme Power, to whom, in my preceding feeble eſſays, I have humbly wiſhed to direct your attention,—may HE in His infinite wiſdom and goodneſs, lead your ſteps through the thorny paths of this life in tranquillity and happineſs; and may you finally become inhabitants of the realms of peace.

T. V.

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A MASTERLY

## CHARACTER OF LORD CHATHAM.

*ATTRIBUTED TO MR. GRATTAN.*

THE ſecretary ſtood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his mind had the hardihood of antiquity. His auguſt mind over-awed majeſty, and one of his ſovereigns thought royalty ſo impaired in his pre-

ſence, that he conſpired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his ſuperiority. No ſtate chicanery, no narrow ſyſtem of vicious politics, no idle conteſt for miniſterial victories ſunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, perſuaſive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing he deſtroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France ſunk beneath him. With one hand he ſmote the houſe of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The ſight of his mind was infinite: and his ſchemes were to affect, not England, not the preſent age only, but Europe and poſterity. Wonderful were the means by which theſe ſchemes were accompliſhed, always ſeaſonable, always adequate; the ſuggeſtions of an underſtanding animated by ardour, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings, which make life amiable and indolent, were unknown to him. No domeſtic difficulties, no domeſtic weakneſs, reached him; but, aloof from the ſordid occurrences of life, and unſullied by its inter-

courſe, he came occaſionally into our ſyſtem, to council and to decide.

A character ſo exalted, ſo ſtrenuous, ſo various, ſo authoritative, aſtoniſhed a corrupt age, and the treaſury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her claſſes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that ſhe had found defects in this ſtatesman, and talked much of the inconſiſtency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the hiſtory of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, anſwered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an æra in the ſenate, peculiar and ſpontaneous, familiarly expreſſing gigantic ſentiments and inſtinctive wiſdom; not like the torrent of Demoſthenes, or the ſplendid conflagration of Tully, it reſembled ſometimes the thunder, and ſometimes the muſic of the ſpheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the underſtanding through the painful ſubtility of argumentation; nor was he, like Townſhend, forever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the ſubject, and reached the point by the flaſhings of the mind,

which, like thoſe of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man a ſomething that could create, ſubvert, or reform; an underſtanding, a ſpirit, and an eloquence to ſummon mankind to ſociety, or to break the bonds of ſlavery aſunder, and to rule the wilderneſs of free minds with unbounded authority; ſomething that could eſtabliſh or overwhelm empire, and ſtrike a blow in the world that ſhould reſound through the univerſe.

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## *A CHARACTER NOT VERY COMMON.*

HUMANUS converts almoſt every article of his expences into an act of benevolence and humanity; he reads the papers, and drinks his coffee at one widow's; he buys his poultry of a ſecond, who in children and grand-children has ſeventeen in family; his coals of a third; and his fiſh of a man that has ſeven children. Though he has a barber juſt by him, he goes a quarter of a mile to be ſhaved by one with a

large family; and the ſame principle induces him to go a mile to buy his ſhoes, which are cleaned by a woman paſt all other labour. He wears no wove ſtockings, becauſe his doing ſo would deprive the poor woman who knits them of a week's ſubſiſtence. If he goes by water, he always takes the oldeſt man at the plying place; and if he lays out a penny in fruit, it is always with thoſe that are paſt their labour, if there are any in his way.

## ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XVI.

ABOUT three years previous to the revolution, a poor aged woman having by ſome accidental means found the opportunity of approaching the king, whilſt his majeſty was walking near one of his palaces, exclaimed to him in a reſolute and ſullen tone, "ſire, I want bread." The king frowning, waved his hand, as a ſignal for her to depart, whilſt he turned about: at the inſtant an attendant arrived, but before he could get near enough to ſtop the woman's farther diſcourſe, ſhe made

the following prophetic exclamation in the full hearing of the king. "Ah! Louis! one of thoſe palaces, from which the poor are now driven with ſo much contempt, ſhall ſhortly be your priſon."

### *A DIFFICULT WORD.*

A certain dame, at a country ſchool, who had never been able to compaſs the word *Nebuchadnezzer*, uſed to deſire her pupils to call it *Nazareth*, and let it paſs.

A lady and gentleman, a few evenings ago, were converſing upon the ſcience of *grammar* —"Pray, madam," ſaid the gentleman, "what part of ſpeech is a *kiss?*—"Aye, what is it?" replied the lady.—"A *ſubſtantive*, I believe, Madam."—"Is it a noun proper, or common?" interrogated the lady—*Proper*, madam."—"No," rejoined ſhe, "I think its both *proper* and *common*."—The reader may gueſs what followed.

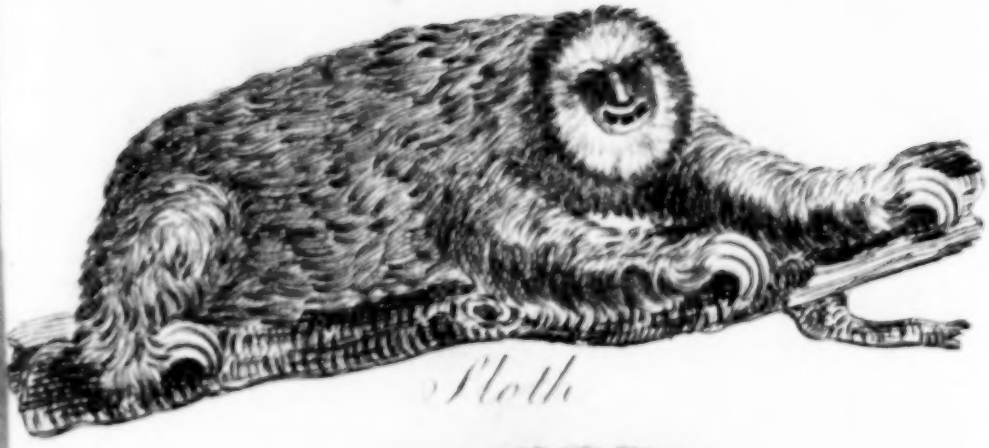
# NATURAL HISTORY.

## *OF THE SLOTH.*

[With an Engraving.]

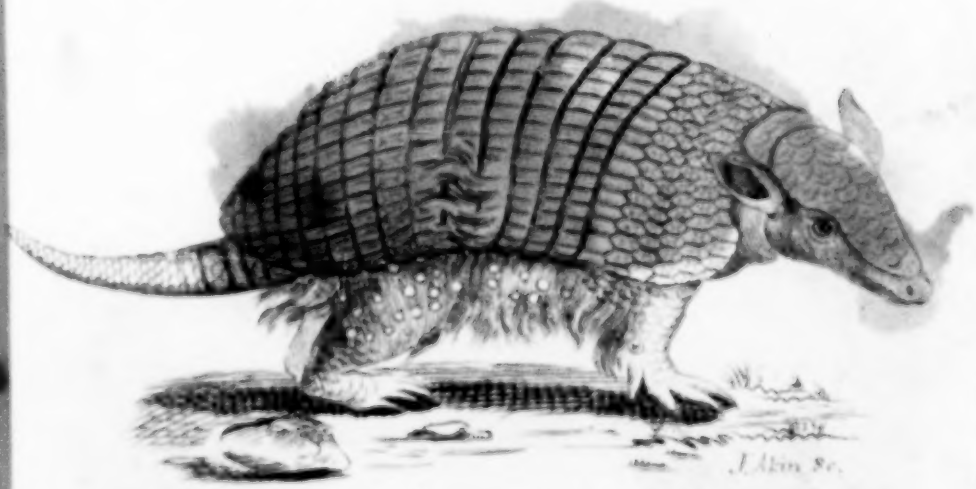
THIS is one of the moſt diſguſting animals in nature; its hideous and aukward conformation, the ſlowneſs of its motion, and the pain with which its every effort is attended, are calculated to excite averſion, rather than pity. There are two varieties, one diſtinguiſhed by having two claws to each foot, the other three; they reſemble each other, however, ſo nearly, that one deſcription will ſuffice for both.

The ſloth is about the ſize of a badger; its fur is coarſe and irregularly ſet, its tail a mere ſtump, and its mouth extends from ear to ear; the noſe is blunt, the eyes are black and heavy, and the ears ſmall; the legs are thick and aukwardly placed, ſo that it can only move one of them at a time; and it requires about an hour to advance three yards.



Sloth

Great Ant Eater



Armadille

It inhabits the eaſtern coaſts of South America, and is likewiſe found in Ceylon and India. It ſubſiſts wholly on vegetable food, particularly the leaves and bark of trees. Having by the moſt laborious exertions aſcended a tree, it remains there till it has ſtripped it of every thing that can be eaten; it then rolls itſelf into a ball, and, to ſave the trouble of a gradual deſcent, falls to the ground with a horrid ſcream; here it lies for an hour, apparently in a ſtate of inſenſibility. Being recovered, it prepares to climb ſome other tree, at every motion uttering a plaintive and melancholy cry, which ſeems to be kindly ordained as a principal mean of its protection; beaſts of prey always flying from the ſound of its voice.

Were we to judge of the happineſs of this animal from our own ſenſations, we ſhould be tempted to pronounce it moſt miſerable; but it has, probably, enjoyments peculiar to itſelf. Its indolence may be bliſs, its deformity is certainly a ſource of ſecurity. A ſingle tree will furniſh it with ſubſiſtence for a fortnight, and therefore it has plenty without much labour in ſearching for it. At the ſame time that it is very

little delicate in the choice of its food, it is capable of ſupporting great abſtinence, and has been known to ſubſiſt forty days ſucceſſively without any nouriſhment whatever. As it would be impoſſible for a creature of ſuch imperfect conformation to find water, nature has indulgently taken care that it ſhall experience no inconvenience from the want of it. Thus, balancing its advantages and diſadvantages, though one of the moſt unſightly of animals, it is probably not the moſt wretched.

### *ANT-EATER, OR ANT-BEAR.*

THERE are ſeveral ſpecies of this animal, all of which agree in having a ſmall mouth, and a long cylindrical tongue, calculated to ſupply the want of teeth. They prey on ants with deſtructive ingenuity, and among the many enemies with which this laborious race has to contend, none are ſo formidable and inſidious.

In reviewing this genus of animals, to which Buffon gives the name of the tamandua, it is obſervable, that the ſnout meaſures nearly a

fourth part of the length of the body, and is very little thicker at the extremity than between the eyes. The tongue is generally doubled up in the mouth, and is the only inſtrument by which theſe creatures can procure their ſubſiſtence. Unable to defend themſelves by ſtrength, or artifice, againſt animals of ſuperior force and agility, they retire for ſecurity to the darkeſt foreſts on the moſt deſerted mountains.—They are principally found in the new continent, where ſome of the moſt helpleſs, the moſt deformed, and monſtrous productions of nature have been diſcovered.—They conceal themſelves under withered leaves, and ſeldom venture from their retreat till impelled by the calls of hunger. The induſtry of an hour will ſuffice to procure them a ſupply of food for ſeveral days; as ants are not only large, but immenſely numerous in thoſe climates, where the animal now under conſideration, is a native.

Having diſcovered an ant-hill, they approach it ſlowly and ſilently; and, having taken a favourable poſition, ſtretch out their long viſcid tongue acroſs the path of the ants; and no

ſooner has a ſufficient number overſpread this member, than they draw it into their mouths; repeating the proceſs till nature is ſatiated, when they again retire to their lurking places to digeſt their meal.

Though the ant-eater avoids all its enemies with diligent care, and never provokes a combat with other quadrupeds, yet, when cloſely attacked, it will defend itſelf againſt the dog, and even the jaguar, by means of its claws, with the moſt reſolute animoſity. In ſhort, wherever it fixes, it never relinquiſhes its hold, till after death.

### *GREAT ANT-EATER.*

A particular deſcription of this ſpecies may ſerve to give a competent idea of all the reſt. In the Leverian Muſeum is a ſpecimen, upwards of ſeven feet long and about two feet high. The tongue is thirty inches long, the noſe, or ſnout, is long and ſlender, and the eyes are ſmall and black; on each of the fore feet are four toes, and five on the hind feet; the two middle claws are very ſtrong, large,

and hooked; the hair on the upper part of the body is black, mixed with grey, and generally about ſix inches long. A black line bounded with white extends from the neck acroſs the ſhoulders to the ſides, and the tail is covered with a long coarſe black hair.

This animal is a native of Brazil and Guiana. The female brings forth but a ſingle young one at a time, and on theſe occaſions proves extremely fierce, when provoked. The fleſh of the ant-eater, though rank and unpalatable to Europeans, is highly prized by the Indians.

### *THE ARMADILLO.*

NATURE preſents us with ſeveral ſpecies of this ſingular genus, diſtinguiſhed, however, by the number of bands of which its covering is compoſed, rather than by any peculiarity in form and manners; for which reaſon we ſhall confine ourſelves to the general deſcription of the kind.

The armadillo is an inhabitant of South America, and is perfectly harmleſs and inoffenſive, preſenting only its covering by way of

warding off external injuries, and never ſeeking to moleſt other animals.

Like the tortoiſe, it is covered with a ſhell, or rather a number of ſhells, which, at firſt view, prevent its true proportions from being accurately diſcerned. It appears a round miſhapen maſs, with a long head and a very large tail; the ſize varies from one to three feet in length, but the body is univerſally covered with a ſhell, divided into ſeveral pieces, folding over each other, not unlike the tail of a lobſter. This ſhell is of a bony ſubſtance, and leaves no vulnerable part except the throat, the breaſt, and the belly; and even theſe are protected by a white ſkin, more or leſs oſſified. The bands of this coat of mail, ſliding over each other by means of a connecting membrane, give the animal every neceſſary power of inflection and motion. Still, however, on the approach of danger, it does not confide ſolely in its external covering; but, withdrawing its head into its coat of mail, it preſents the appearance of a ball, ſomewhat flatter on each ſide, which may be toſſed about without injury.—The Indians, however, who are par-

ticularly fond of its fleſh, carry it and lay it cloſe to the fire, when the poor animal is conſtrained to expand itſelf, and ſubmit to its fate.

Not a ſingle ſpecies of the armadillo has ever been diſcovered in the old world; yet this animal can bear the ſeverity of our cold climates, without any apparent inconvenience. It ſubſiſts chiefly on vegetables, and roots, and burrows in the earth with as much facility and expedition as a mole, being furniſhed with claws, remarkably ſtrong and crooked, generally four on each foot. If ſeized by the tail, while in the act of grubbing up the earth, it will ſometimes leave that appendage in the hand of the perſon, rather than ſuffer itſelf to be pulled back. However, it is frequently diſlodged by digging, and ſometimes hunted by a ſmall ſort of dog, bred to that kind of chace, which at once enters its burrows and ſeizes upon it. It is likewiſe caught in ſnares; but, ſenſible of the various dangers to which it is expoſed, it ſeldom ventures far from its retreat.

Between this animal and the rattleſnake,

the cloſeſt friendſhip is ſaid to ſubſiſt; they are frequently the tenants of the ſame ſubterraneous apartment: it is probable, however, that the rattleſnake is, in this caſe, an intruder, and that the armadillo endures, rather than courts, the connection. Each, ſecure in its own powers, preſerves a kind of neutrality; neither, it ſhould ſeem, offering nor meditating hoſtility.

## OF MAN.

[From the Studies of Nature, by St. Pierre.]

I ſhall ſpeak of man. Every work of nature has preſented to us, hitherto, only partial relations; man will furniſh ſuch as are univerſal. Examining thoſe in which he ſtands to the elements, we ſhall obſerve, that his eyes are turned, not towards heaven, but to the horizon; ſo that he may view, at once, the heaven which illuminates, and the earth which ſupports him. His viſual rays take in near half of the celeſtial hemiſphere, and of the plane on which

he treads, and their reach extends from the grain of ſand, which he tramples under foot, to the ſtar which ſhines over his head, at an immeaſurable diſtance.

He alone, of animals, can enjoy equally day and night; can bear to live within the torrid, and upon the ices of the frigid zone. If certain animals partake with him theſe advantages, it is only by means of his inſtructions, and under his protection. For all this he is indebted to the element of fire, of which he alone is the ſovereign lord. Some authors pretend, that certain of the brute creation underſtand the management of it, and that the monkeys in America keep up the fires kindled by travellers in the foreſts. No one denies that they love its heat, and reſort to it for warmth, when man retires. But as they have perceived its utility, why have they not preſerved the uſe of it? However ſimple the manner of keeping up fire may be, by ſupplying it with fuel, not one of them will ever attain to that degree of ſagacity.

The dog, much more intelligent than the monkey, a witneſs every hour of the effects of

fire; accuſtomed in our kitchens to live only on meat that is dreſſed, if you give him raw fleſh, will never dream of roaſting it on the coals. This barrier, which ſeparates man from the brute, weak as it may appear, is inſurmountable to animals. And this is one of the great bleſſings of Providence, beſtowed for the general ſecurity; for how many unforeſeen and irreparable conflagrations would take place, were fire at their diſpoſal? God has intruſted the firſt agent in nature, to that being alone whom reaſon has qualified to make a right uſe of it.

While ſome hiſtorians beſtow this faculty on the brutes, others deny it to man. They alledge that many nations were deſtitute of it, till the arrival of Europeans among them. To prove this, they quote the inhabitants of the Marianne Iſlands, otherwiſe called the Iſle of Thieves, by a calumnious imputation ſo common among ſailors. But this aſſertion is grounded on bare ſuppoſition: namely, on the very natural aſtoniſhment expreſſed by theſe iſlanders, on ſeeing their villages ſet on fire by the Spaniards, whom they had received with

kindneſs. They contradict themſelves, by relating, that theſe very people uſed canoes, daubed over with bitumen, which neceſſarily ſuppoſes, in the caſe of ſavages unacquainted with iron, that fire had been employed in hollowing of their canoes, or, at leaſt, in careening them. Finally, we are told, that they fed on rice, the preparation of which, however ſimple, requires, of neceſſity, the application of fire.

This element is univerſally neceſſary to human exiſtence, even in the hotteſt climates. By means of fire alone, man guards his habitation, by night, from ravenous beaſts of prey; drives away the inſects which thirſt for his blood; clears the ground of the trees and plants which cover it; in a word, in every country, with fire he prepares his food, diſſolves metals, vitrifies rocks, hardens clay, ſoftens iron, and gives, to all the productions of the earth, the forms and combinations, which his neceſſities require.

The benefits which he derives from the air are no leſs extenſive. Few animals are, like him, capable of reſpiring, with equal eaſe, at

the level of the ſea, and on the ſummit of the loftieſt mountains. Man is the only being who gives it all the modulations of which it is ſuſceptible. With his voice alone, he imitates the hiſſing, the cries, the ſinging of all animals; while he enjoys the gift of ſpeech denied to every other. Sometimes he communicates ſenſibility to the air; he makes it ſigh in the pipe, complain in the flute, threaten in the trumpet, and to animate to the tone of his paſſions the braſs, the box-tree, and the reed. Sometimes he makes it his ſlave; forces it to grind, bruiſe, and move, to his advantages, an endleſs variety of machinery. In a word, he yokes it to his car, and conſtrains it to waft him even over the billows of the ocean.

That element, in which few of the inhabitants of earth are able to live, preſents to man alone the eaſieſt of communications. He ſwims, he dives in it, he purſues the ſea-monſter to the abyſs of the deep: he hunts and ſtabs the whale even under mountains of ice: alights on every iſland in the boſom of the ſea, and aſſerts his empire over it.

Whatever irregularity may appear on the

ſurface of the earth, man is the only being formed with the capacity of pervading all its parts. There is eſtabliſhed, among all his limbs an equilibrium ſo perfect, ſo difficult to be preſerved, ſo contrary to the laws of our mechaniſm, that there is no ſculptor capable of forming a ſtatue reſembling man, broader and heavier above than below, which ſhall be able to maintain an erect poſition, and remain immoveable, on a baſis ſo ſmall as his feet. It would be quickly overſet by the ſlighteſt breath of wind. How much more, then, would be requiſite to make it walk like him? There is no animal whoſe body is ſuſceptible of ſo many different movements; who unites in himſelf all the poſſible varieties of animal motion; who is equally adapted to clamber to the ſummit of the rock, to walk on the ſurface of the ſnow; to traverſe the river and the foreſt, to pick the moſs of the fountain, and the fruit of the palm-tree; to feed the bee and to tame the elephant.

In man nature has collected every thing that is lovely in colour and in form, whether from harmony or contraſt. To theſe ſhe has added

movements the moſt majeſtic and the moſt graceful. Indeed, ſo wonderful are theſe combinations, that all animals, in their natural ſtate, are ſtruck at ſight of him, with terror or with love; and as he is the only being who has the diſpoſal of fire, the principle of life, ſo he alone practices agriculture, which is its ſupport. The ox never thinks of reſowing the grain which he treads out on the barn-floor, nor the monkey, the maize of the field which he plunders. Man alone raiſes his intelligence up to that of nature. He not only purſues her plans, but recedes from them. He covers regions deſtined for foreſts, with corn and wine. He ſays to the pine of Virginia, and to the cheſnut of India, "You ſhall grow in Europe." Nature ſeconds his efforts, and ſeems, by her complaiſance, to invite him to preſcribe laws to her.

For man nature has covered the earth with plants, and though their ſpecies be infinite, not a ſingle one but may be converted to his uſe. She has ſelected ſome out of every claſs, to miniſter to his pleaſure or ſupport, wherever he pleaſes to fix his habitation. She permits

the plants moſt uſeful to him to grow in all climates; but the domeſtic ones, from the cabbage up to the corn, alone, like man himſelf, are citizens of the world. The others ſerve for his bed, for his roof, for his clothing, for medicine, at leaſt for fuel.

The animals are wonderfully formed, at once to live in ſituations the moſt rugged, and, animated by an inſtinct the moſt tractable, to aſſociate with man. Every region is ſupporting a race of ſervants for him; but thoſe animals, in which are united the greateſt number of utilities, live with him over the whole face of the earth. Delighting to paſture, each according to its nature, there is no corner of the earth where the whole vegetable crop may not be reaped; and in the evening all return to the habitation of man, with murmurs, with bleatings, with cries of joy, bringing back to him the delicious tribute of innumerable plants, transformed, by a proceſs the moſt inconceivable, into honey, milk, butter, eggs, and cream.

While ſome philoſophers aſſign to every ſpecies of dog a common origin, others aſcribe a

difference of origin to man. Their ſyſtem is founded on the variety of ſize and colour in the human ſpecies; but neither colour, nor ſtature, are diſtinctive characters, in the judgment of all naturaliſts. According to them, colour is merely accidental; ſuperior ſtature only a greater expanſion of forms. Difference of ſpecies ariſes from the difference of proportions; now this characterizes that of dogs. The proportions of the human body no where vary; the black colour, within the tropics, is ſimply the effect of the heat of the ſun, which tinges man in proportion as he approaches the line; and it is one of the bleſſings of nature. His ſize is invariably the ſame in every age, and in all places, notwithſtanding the influence of food and climate, by which other animals are ſo powerfully affected; but from the talleſt to the ſhorteſt of the human race, there is not, at moſt, the difference of a foot. Their ſtature is the ſame, at this day, as in the time of the Egyptians; at Archangel as in Africa, as is evident from the length of mummies, and that of the tombs of the ancient Indians, found in Siberia, along the banks of the river Petzora.

The ſomewhat contracted ſtature of the Laplanders is to be imputed, I preſume, to their ſedentary mode of living; for I have obſerved, among ourſelves, a ſimilar contraction of ſize in perſons of occupations requiring little exerciſe. That of the Patagonians, on the contrary, is more expanded than that of the Laplanders, though they inhabit a latitude as cold, from their greater diſpoſition to be moving about. The Laplander paſſes the greater part of the year ſhut up amidſt his herds of reindeer; whereas the Patagonian is perpetually a ſtroller, for he lives entirely by hunting and fiſhing. Beſides, the firſt travellers to whom we are indebted for our knowledge of theſe two nations, have greatly exaggerated the ſmallneſs of the one, and the magnitude of the other. Man, over the whole globe, is at the centre of all magnitudes, of all movements, and of all harmonies. His ſtature, his limbs, his organs, have proportions ſo adjuſted to all the works of nature, that ſhe has rendered them invariable as their combination. He conſtitutes, himſelf alone, a genus which has neither claſs nor ſpecies, dignified, by way of

excellence, with the title of mankind. In every age, man has been the friend of man, not merely from the intereſts of commerce, but by the more ſacred, the more indiſſoluble bands of humanity. We are all bondſmen for each other. The happineſs of every individual is attached to the happineſs of mankind. He is under obligation to exert himſelf for the general good, becauſe his own depends upon it. Inſtinct diſcovers to the animal its neceſſities only; but man alone, has raiſed himſelf from the dark womb of profound ignorance, to the knowledge and belief of God: and on this knowledge are founded all the aſſociations of the human race, without a ſingle exception.

As man has formed his intellect on that of nature, he has been obliged to regulate his moral ſenſe by that of her author. He felt that, in order to pleaſe him who is the principle of all good, it was neceſſary to contribute to the general good; hence the efforts made by man, in every age, to raiſe himſelf to God, by the practice of virtue. Thither he directs, without perceiving it, his hopes, his fears, his pleaſures, his pains, his loves; and paſſes his

life in purſuing, or in combating, theſe fugitive impreſſions of Deity.

## *ON INDOLENCE.*

### ADDRESSED TO THE RISING GENERATION.

MAN appears to be the only being in creation whoſe exertions exceeds his neceſſities; who is urged to action by other calls than the imperious commands of natural appetites and deſires. To other animals a ſtate of reſt is a ſtate of choice; to him, of uneaſineſs; and he is frequently rouſed to action, not ſo much from the impulſes of paſſion, as from a wiſh to avoid the tedioufneſs and languor of inactivity. Hence we obſerve that no man is ſo determinately idle as to forgo all employment: and thoſe whom indolence diſcourages from uſeful and noble purſuits, yet ſeek ſome more trifling and frivolous avocations to cheat the wearifome hours of idleneſs. No man complains ſo frequently of the tedioufneſs of time, as he whom neither neceſſity or choice

ſtimulates to exertion, and no one is more frequently fatigued than he who does nothing. How many thouſands are there who wake in the morning only to wiſh the arrival of night, when they may again ſleep; who ſaunter about, becauſe to ſit is inſupportable; who take up a book, becauſe they cannot think, and throw it down becauſe it is unamuſing; who fly to companions in whoſe ſociety there is no pleaſure, becauſe they dread ſolitude, and who plunge into vice and diſſipation, becauſe the tedious uniformity of inactive virtue is diſguſting! How many are there, whoſe mornings are paſſed in anxious ſolicitude for the evening, becauſe they can only be pleaſed by forgetting themſelves in the roar of inebriety and the frantic laugh of riot! The evening, indeed, is the holiday of the idler of both ſexes; the lady may enjoy a ceſſation of *ennui* in the ſcandal and tittle-tattle of the tea-table, and the dreſſes and company of the theatre; and any man may drink, though he dares not reflect, may jeſt, though he cannot ſtudy, and loſe in the Lethe of Bachus, the remembrance of the morrow, and the conſciouſneſs of his worthleſſneſs.

To thoſe accuſtomed to a habit of indolence, the idea of exertion is connected with the idea of pain: to a mind enervated by the indulgence of idle amuſements, danger appears to attend on every motion, and difficulty on every enterpriſe. That which is beheld by a ſoul in the vigour of activity, as yielding with facility to to the energy of determined reſolution, will, to the ſickly eye of indolence, be magnified into impracticability. Such a mind is not aware, that to the exertions of fortitude and aſſiduity, few objects oppoſe a formidable barrier; and that he who has a fixed and determinate point in view, and who ſtrives with induſtry and unrelaxing perſeverance to reach it, will ſeldom be diſappointed of ſucceſs. Nor is this exertion ſo great or ſo laborious as may be ſuppoſed. As a body in motion is carried forward after the impulſe has ceaſed, by the acquired force, ſo does every advance, after the firſt, become progreſſively more eaſy, and require leſs additional force; while, on the contrary, the pleaſures reſulting are in a progreſſional increaſe; for the conſciouſneſs of laudable purſuits increaſes with the increaſe of

progreſs; and every ſtep intrduces us to new advantages, and of courſe, to new encouragements to proceed; as a man aſcending a hill, is induced by the widening extent of proſpect at every advance, to advance ſtill further, and repeat his labour that he may repeat his gratification.

Would they, who by the invidious gifts of fortune, and the ſyren blandiſhments of idleneſs, are condemned to all the ſatiety of luxury and eaſe; who, fatigued by the vacuity of their own minds, ſeek for umuſement in frivolous occupations and trifling or diſſipated ſociety, and who fly from inſipidity and diſguſt, to riot, debauchery, and vice; would they advance one ſtep in a different road, and taſte the delights of induſtry and active virtue, they would diſcover that the man who is laudably employed, is ſcarcely ſubject to uneaſineſs or pain; that he who is buſied in the cauſe of genius, of virtue, or of truth, may ſcorn the evils that depreſs the depraved or inactive, and armed in conſcious merit may defy the power of accidents to injure, or dangers to terrify him: his days are days of peace and cheerful-

neſs, his nights tranquil and compoſed; his life is happy, and his death lamented.

Among the number who complain of the tedioufneſs of time and the wearineſs of laſſitude, it may not be unreaſonable to expect that ſome may be willing to liſten to methods that ſhall quicken the one and relieve the other. Let ſuch, if any ſuch there are, reflect that he whoſe faculties are aſſiduouſly employed is too buſy to think of the flight of moments, and watch with anxious impatience the finger of the clock: that he who can review, with conſcious triumph, uſeful acquiſitions and advantages, the produce of his own exertions, cannot feel the fatigue of indolence, and will not regret the fatigue of labour. Let them reflect that every idle man wiſhes to be buſy, and that no buſy man wiſhes to be idle; for it is a fact, almoſt without an exception, that no man accuſtomed to habits of employment regrets his aſſiduity, or would be content to ſink into a trifler and a cypher. Let them reflect that a life of idleneſs is a life of inſignificance and contempt; that every one ſcorns the man who degrades himſelf by indolence and inacti-

vity; that he is uſeleſs to his friends, deſpiſed by his enemies, and forgetten by the world. On the contrary, a man bending his faculties to the ſervice of virtue and public utility; a man, who improves the manners or contributes to the felicity of mankind, is an object of reverence and eſteem to all within the ſphere of his activity; the world reſpects and admires him; he is, through all his connections, honoured and beloved. Let then him whoſe hours linger in the inſipid tediouſneſs of laſſitude, who is weary of the fatigue of doing nothing, and aſhamed of inſignificance; let him ſtimulate his faculties to activity and energy, and apply with determined vigour and perſeverance to ſome laudable purſuits: let him ſtrive, if he have abilities and acquiſitions for the taſk, to benefit and mend mankind; or at leaſt let him benefit and mend himſelf, and diffuſe pleaſure around him, in a circle proportioned to his power, by benevolence: then let him exult in the praiſe of his own heart, and the conſciouſneſs of his own worth: let him triumph in the eſteem of his fellow-beings, and the approbation of his God. A man thus formed to act and

to think, to ſpend his life in the advancement of ſcience, the improvement of mankind, and the communication of happineſs, whoſe time is employed in the unceaſing uſe of his faculties, and the energy of virtue, is the boaſt of the world, the delight of the Almighty, and the perfection human nature!

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## REMARK WORTHY OF ATTENTION.

AMIDST all the vices and all the enormities of the Algerine Turks (a people diſtinguiſhed for violence and rapacity, and almoſt every ſpecies of cruelty) ſome good qualities are obſervable. The moſt abandoned wretch never preſumes to utter the name of God in vain, or add it by way of decoration, to his ribaldry.

When will this be ſaid, even of men who glory in their ſuperior light and information?

## *THE MISER.*

MISER! why counteſt thou thy treaſure?
Thy ill-got hoards of paltry gold!
Haſt thou a throb of ſecret pleaſure,
When conſcience whiſpers, ſoft and ſlow,
"Theſe are the ſpoils that from oppreſſion flow,
"For which thy fame is ſold!"

Why doſt thou gloat on uſeleſs ore?
Thou haſt no joy in all thy wealth!
Thou never heard'ſt the ſimple poor
Bleſs thy benevolence, and cry—
While gratitude illumes the upraiſ'd eye—
"Heav'n grant thee years of *health*!"

Why doſt thou, in the gloom of night,
While loud the tempeſt rages wide,
Tremble with horror's cold affright?
And, graſping ev'ry ſhining woe,
To ſome dark nook, with fault'ring footſteps go,
The uſeleſs heaps to hide?

Doſt thou not hear the thunder's voice,
Reproving heav'n's juſt vengeance, ſpeak?
Doſt thou not hear the fiends rejoice,
While on thy tott'ring roof obſcure,
The tears of outrag'd nature, whelming pour,
To chill thy wither'd cheek?

See thy lean frame, thy ſunken eyes,
Behold the victor death, and know,
That when the wretched *miſer* dies,
No boſom pities—on his tomb,
No graceful wreath of ſpring ſhall ever bloom,
No tear of *friendſhip* flow!

Forgotten! or, if not, abhorr'd,
Can all thy treaſures, left behind,
Bid *memory* thy toil reward—
Or meek religion breathe to heav'n
One pray'r that thou may'ſt ever be forgiv'n,
O! *miſcreant unkind!*

*Thou*, who would'ſt lie belov'd, careſs'd,
Let ſweet humanity be giv'n
By *thee*, to e'en a *foe* diſtreſs'd;
But when the child of virtue ſighs,
When genius to the *open threſhold* flies
*Know*, 'tis the *path to heav'n*.

## *ON YOUTH.*

BLITHSOME ſeaſon! ſprightly youth!
Source of innocence and truth,
Faireſt virtues form thy train,
Choiceſt bleſſings crown thy reign;
As thy opening charms advance,
See them all around thee dance;

See them all around thee bow,
Weaving garlands for thy brow:
Health preſents her ruddy face,
Vigour offers active grace;
Mirth beſtows her harmleſs wiles,
Sportive frolics, cheerful ſmiles,
Beauty from thy genuine ſprings
In thy lap her treaſure flings;
Theſe combine to deck thy mien,
And on thy placid front are ſeen.

Nature brings her pureſt fires,
Love that glows with chaſte deſires;
Friendſhip, undebas'd by art,
Candour's unſuſpicious heart,
Valour's generous ardent flame,
Burning with the thirſt of fame;
Theſe in ſimple colours dreſt,
Grace the mirror of thy breaſt.

Genius gives the tuneful quire,
Thine the harp, and thine the lyre;
Thine the poet's glowing themes,
Thine are fancy's brighteſt dreams,
Thine are muſic's ſofteſt powers,
Thine are life's harmonious hours,
Thine the jocund ſpirits gay,
Dancing ſuns that round thee play;
Hope that every wiſh ſupplies,
Thoughtleſs eaſe that care defies,
Virtue's pleaſures, half divine,
Theſe, enchanting youth, are thine!

## *TO FASHION.*

GAY faſhion! thou folly ſo pleaſing,
  However imperious thy ſway,
Like a miſtreſs, capricious and teaſing,
  Thy ſlaves tho' they murmur obey.

The ſimple, the wiſe, and the witty,
  The learned, the dunce, and the fool,
The crooked, ſtraight, ugly, and pretty,
  Wear the badge of thy whimſical ſchool.

Tho' thy ſhape be ſo fickle and changing,
  That a Proteus thou art to the view,
And our taſte ſo forever deranging
  We know not which to purſue;

Yet wave but thy frolickſome banners,
  And hoſts of adherents we ſee,
Arts, morals, religion, and manners,
  Yield implicit obedience to thee.

More deſpotic than beauty thy power,
  More than virtue thy rule o'er the mind,
Tho' tranſient thy reign, as a flower
  That ſcatters the leaves to the wind,

# EXTRACTS

FROM

*ROSCOE'S CELEBRATED LORENZI DE MEDECI.*

### HOPE'S ATTENDANTS

ILLUSIVE beings round their ſovereign wait,
Deceitful dreams, and auguries, and lies,
In numerous arts the gaping crowd to cheat,
Predictions wild, and groundleſs prophecies;
With wond'rous words, or written rolls of fate
Foretelling—when 'tis paſt—what yet ſhall riſe:
And alchymy and aſtrologic ſkill,
And fond conjecture, always formed at will.

### ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

All nature hear the ſacred ſong!
Attend, O earth! the ſolemn ſtrain!
Ye whirlwinds wild that ſweep along,
Ye darkening ſtorms of beating rain,
Umbrageous glooms and foreſts drear,
And ſolitary deſerts, hear!
Be ſtill, ye winds, whilſt to the Maker's praiſe,
The creature of his power aſpires his voice to raiſe.

O may the ſolemn breathing ſound
Like incenſe riſe before the throne,
Where he whoſe glory knows no bound,
Great cauſe of all things, dwell alone!
'Tis he I ſing, whoſe powerful hand
Balanced the ſkies, outſpread the land;
Who ſpoke—from ocean's ſtores ſweet waters came,
And burſt reſplendent forth the heaven-aſpiring flame.

One general ſong of praiſe ariſe
To him whoſe goodneſs ceaſeleſs flows;
Who dwells enthron'd beyond the ſkies,
And life and breath on all beſtows,
Great ſource of intellect, his ear
Benign receives our vows ſincere:
Riſe then, my active powers, your taſk fulfil,
And give to him your praiſe reſponſive to my will.

Partaker of that living ſtream
Of light that pours an endleſs blaze,
O let thy ſtrong reflected beam,
My underſtanding ſpeak his praiſe:
My ſoul in ſtedfaſt love ſecure,
Praiſe him whoſe word is ever ſure.
To him ſole juſt my ſenſe of right incline,
Join every proſtrate limb, my ardent ſpirit join.

Let all of good this boſom fires,
To him ſole good give praiſes due:
Let all the truth himſelf inſpires,
Unite to ſing him only true.

To him my every thought aſcend,
To him my hopes my wiſhes bend.
From earth's wide bounds let louder hymns
ariſe,
And his own word convey the pious ſacrifice.

In ardent adoration join,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all my faculties combin'd,
Thy juſt deſires, O God, fulfil.
From thee deriv'd, eternal king,
To thee our nobleſt powers we bring.
O may thy hand direct our wandering way!
O bid thy light ariſe, and chaſe the clouds
away!

Eternal ſpirit! whoſe command
Light, life, and being, gave to all;
O hear the creature of thy hand,
Man conſtant on thy goodneſs call:
By fire, by water, air and earth,
That ſoul to thee that owes its birth,
By theſe he ſupplicates thy bleſt repoſe,
Abſent from thee, no reſt his wandering ſpirit
knows!

## *THINK OF THE POOR.*

WHEN winter's bleak and piercing winds
Blow furiouſly around;
And griping froſt benumbs the limbs,
And ſtrongly binds the ground;

When boiſt'rous ſtorms war in the air,
And fierce and loud do roar;
And ſhow'rs of chilling ſnow deſcend—
Think of the ſtarving POOR.

What pure delight may be enjoy'd,
By ye who wealth poſſeſs;
For wealth gives you the envy'd pow'r,
The child of want to *bleſs!*
Then let not mis'ry crave in vain
For pity at your door:
But with humane and gen'rous hearts
Relieve the wretched poor:

With willing hand apply a balm
To each corroding wound—
The naked clothe—the hungry feed—
In *theſe* true joy is found:
They're alſo pleaſing to our God,
And regiſt'red in heav'n;
Which far in worth, exceeds all wealth,
That e'er to man was giv'n.

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OF THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

WHILST man in this imperfect ſtate
Of being is confin'd,
What pains aſſail the outward frame,
What ſorrows vex his mind.

Of all the various ſtates of life,
Not one can 'ſcape diſtreſs;
The utmoſt in the reach of man,
But makes his grief the leſs.

Of poverty, the num'rous ills
Will be by all confeſt;
Fatiguing labour, ſcanty meals,
And few the hours of reſt.

Nor are the rich exempt from cares,
But in the gen'ral plan,
Receive their deſtin'd ſhare of woe,
Th' appointed lot of man.

How oft from diſappointed ſchemes
Does anguiſh keen ariſe?
How oft ſevere misfortunes force
The ſtreams from humid eyes?

Neglecting friends, injurious foes,
Embitter human life;
Oft is th' inoffenſive mind
Compell'd to join in ſtrife.

By death depriv'd of deareſt friends,
How wretched is the mind!
We ſcarce refrain from murm'ring then
That we are left behind.

But oh! thou great, thou juſt Supreme!
Thou Source of life and light!
All things exiſting by thy will,
"Whatever is, is right."

## *ELEGY.*

MY mind is heavy, and my thoughts are ſad;
My boſom heaves the ſigh of heartfelt grief;
Surrounding objects do no more look glad,
Nor can afford my burthen'd ſoul relief.

My wife is fled; my ever loving wife
Is now no more! Ah! ſad diſtracting thought—
But Heaven, I truſt, will yet prolong my life,
To teach my children what they ſhould be taught.

Henceforth be it my pride and all my care,
To bring them up, and learn them virtue's law,
For this, I hope, that God my life will ſpare,
And I thereby reſume my loſt repoſe.

My child, my youngeſt child is alſo flown,
To God and Heav'n!—why ſhould I grieve at this?
Perhaps he's been permitted to come down,
And guide his mother to the realms of bliſs.

Teach me, Oh God! ere I reſign my breath,
To look to thee, and form aright my heart,
That I may, when my eyes are clos'd in death,
Rejoin my partner, never more to part.

## *TO OPPRESSION.*

CURS'D be thy iron reign, oppreſſion dire,
Thou fell uſurper of fair freedom's ſeat :
Fierce as the whirlwind, may thy victim's ire
Daſh thee, remorſeleſs fiend, beneath their feet.

From happy home thou dragg'ſt thoſe victims forth
To ſcenes of horror, where fierce carnage reigns ;
And deſolation ſpreads o'er all the earth,
To add a *desert* to thy vaſt domains.

Though now in mould'ring heaps the village lies,
Its meads ſurrounding all diſtain'd with gore ;
Fill'd with affright, tho' age decrepit flies,
And aſks half-famiſh'd aid from door to door.

Though widow'd matrons rave with ſorry wild,
And thy terrific voice the young annoy ;
Though *nature*, by thy blaſting breath's de-ſpoil'd,
Yet flaſh thy deep-ſunk eyes with ſavage joy.

And huſh'd is freedom's voice at thy command,
Repreſs'd her gen'rous energy of ſoul;
Vainly ſhe ſtruggles with thy venal band,
To break corruption's mind-bewild'ring bowl.

But of more import other ills are ſeen,
The gloomy priſon's death-cold cells behold;
Where ardent patriots groan with pallid mein,
Who ſpurn'd th' enchantreſs cup and luring gold.

Through ev'ry ſtreet, lo! haggard pen'ry ſtrays,
Hark! her pale children cry aloud for food;
See, trade diſtreſs'd, for ſpeedy ſuccour prays
To thy deaf hirelings—Moloch's brutal brood.

Oh! view with pity the wide ſuff'ring world,
And abdicate thy proud uſurped throne;
In Lethe's gulph may thy dread chains be hurl'd,
And free-born man no more with ſlav'ry groan;

Leſt ruin, ſwoln by thy abhorrent ſway,
Burſt like a torront forth, and ſweep thy realms away.

## *THE SIGH.*

Little fugitive of ſorrow!
  Heaving oft my troubled breaſt!
From whom I am conſtrain'd to borrow
  Language for a grief ſuppreſt.

Offſpring pure of ſoft emotions!
  No one can thy nature know;
Or of thy power form equal notions,
  Till tutor'd in the ſchool of woe.

This boſom oft by thee dilated,
  The Almighty's plans would ne'er arraign;
By *goodneſs* prompted, he created,
  The ſoul his *wiſdom* proves by pain.

The heart that's chaſten'd by affliction,
  Knows nothing of the murmurer's cry;
By reſignation's meek reſtriction,
  The *groan* is ſoften'd to a *ſigh*.

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## *ON FILIAL AFFECTION.*

. . . . . A doating parent lives
In many lives; thro' many a nerve he feels;
Nor does diviſion weaken, nor the force
Of conſtant operation e'er exhauſt
Paternal love. HANNAH MORE.

FILIAL affection is that diſpoſition of the mind exerciſed by a child towards his parents. It is the moſt refined and natural of our ſenſations. When a child of any feeling or ſenſibility reflects what his parents have done for him in his early years, how they bore with his frailties, cheriſhed him in ſickneſs, and ſtored his mind with uſeful knowledge, he muſt find his heart glowing with gratitude towards them.

It is certainly the conſtant ambition of *good* parents to inſtil virtue into the minds of their children, as well as to grant them every indulgence that may not prove prejudicial to them. Is it not therefore reaſonable, that

after having conferred ſo many favours on their offspring, they ſhould in return expect their love and obedience? Yes; and the perſon who is deſtitute of love towards his parents, is unworthy of being called a human being. His conſcience will probably ſoon render him deſpicable in his own eyes; he is indeed to be pitied, for he has not had the pleaſure of experiencing one of the fineſt ſenſations that ever roſe in the human breaſt.

You ſhould honour your parents, and as much as poſſible hide their weakneſſes. When they grow old remember what they did for you in your youth. In return lighten their ſorrows, ſoothe their cares, ſupport their infirmities, and pay great deference to their authority and advice. When you have done all this, and all that is in your power to do, you will not even then have paid the *debt* you owe them.

Your parents, if they have it in their power, will certainly give you a liberal education. In that caſe it is your duty to pay great attention to your different ſtudies. Purſue them with alacrity, that you may put them to as little expence as poſſible. For be aſſured, that

nothing can give your parents greater joy than to ſee you a virtuous, wiſe, and uſeful member of ſociety.

Should you live to become parents yourſelves, you will, by acting reſpectfully towards your own parents, ſet your children an uſeful example. They in their turn will prove virtuous and have a veneration for you. On the contrary, if you are not virtuous, they probably will not be virtuous; if you do not reſpect your parents, your own offspring will not reſpect you. So great is the force of example on the minds of youth. But whether they imitate your obedience or not, a virtuous character cannot be miſerable. Having done your duty by the exerciſe of filial affection, you will be ſecure of your reward, though the beſt of parents muſt ſorely feel the ingratitude or diſobedience of their children.

I ſhall conclude in the expreſſive language of an ancient ſage;—

"The piety of a child is ſweeter than the incenſe of Perſia offered to the ſun; yea, more delicious than odours wafted from a field of Arabian ſpices by the weſtern gales.

"Be grateful then to thy father, for he gave thee life; and to thy mother for she sustained thee.

"Hear the words of his mouth, for they are spoken for thy good; give ear to his admonition for it proceedeth from love.

"He hath watched for thy welfare, he hath toiled for thy ease; do honour therefore to his age, and let not his grey hairs be treated with irreverence.

"Forget not thy helpless infancy, nor the frowardness of thy youth, and indulge the infirmities of thy aged parents, assist and support them in the decline of life.

"So shall their hoary heads go down to the grave in peace, and thine own children in reverence of thine example, shall repay thy piety with filial love."

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## *A CURIOUS LOVE LETTER.*

MADAM,

MOST worthy of estimation! After long consideration and much meditation on the

great reputation you poſſeſs in the nation, I have a ſtrong inclination to become your relation. On your approbation of this declaration I ſhall make preparation to remove my ſituation to a more convenient ſtation to profeſs my admiration; and if ſuch oblation is worthy of obſervation, and can obtain commiſeration, it will be an aggrandization beyond all calculation of the joy and exultation

Of yours

SANS DISSIMULATION.

THE ANSWER.

SIR,

I peruſed your oration with much deliberation and a little conſternation at the great infatuation of your weak imagination to ſhew ſuch veneration on ſo ſlight a foundation. But after examination and ſerious contemplation, I ſuppoſed your animation was the fruit of recreation, or had ſprung from oſtentation to diſplay your education by an odd enumeration, or rather multiplication of words, of the ſame termination, though of great variation in each reſpective ſignification.

Now without diſputation, your laborious application to ſo tedious an occupation deſerves commemoration, and thinking imitation a ſufficient gratification, I am, without heſitation,

Yours,

MARY MODERATION.

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ON THE

## *NEGLECT OF PARENTAL DUTIES.*

SOME little attention from the young reader is particularly intreated. Let him remember that parental fondneſs, however perverted in its effects by error, claims a return of affection. He ſhould conſider, that he can be but little competent to judge of the propriety of a parent's conduct; that which, in various inſtances, he once deemed cruel, he has, perhaps, already diſcovered was meant in kindneſs; and ſo likewiſe many circumſtances which at preſent may diſpoſe him to cenſure a parent, may, at a maturer age, induce him to regard him with additional reverence. But ſhould ſtrong and convincing proofs declare the

errors of a parent, ſtill ſhould it be conſidered that thoſe errors may have owed their origin to a want of that education which he kindly beſtows on his children. This conſideration ſhould not only be productive in them of gratitude, but of diligence, that by obtaining inſtruction they may be the leſs likely to be deficient in the ſame points.

A ſlight and tranſient view of the duties of parents to their children, *during the state of infancy*, might favour the opinion, that little more is required of them than that care for their preſervation which the brute parent inſtinctively beſtows on its own offspring. But when it is conſidered that the human parent poſſeſſes reaſoning powers, and that the mental energies of the child begin to be evolved in the early days of infancy, it muſt be obvious that the duties are much more numerous and much more important; of a degree of importance indeed proportioned to the elevated place a child poſſeſſes in the ſcale of animated beings. Nor is this obſervation unneceſſary; no caſtle is here erected merely for the purpoſe of being levelled; ſince there are too many inſtances

where the mental powers of children are no more attended to than if they were really the offspring of brutes, and where even the neceſſary care of their health and exiſtence is exceeded by almoſt the whole of the brute creation.

That children are born with various diſpoſitions is undoubtedly true, but it is alſo true, that by due management, theſe may be ſo changed and meliorated by the attention of a parent, that not only little blemiſhes may be ſmoothed away, but even thoſe circumſtances which may more offenſively diſtinguiſh the child, may, by proper management, become the characteriſtic ornaments of the man. But, alas! too often do we ſee from the want of this care the charming bloſſoms of virtue and happineſs blighted.

On the treatment the child receives from his parents during this ſtage of his life, will, perhaps, depend much of the miſery or happineſs he may experience, not only in his paſſage through this, but through the other ſtages of his exiſtence. If, on the other hand, every little ſally of paſſion and impatience is immediately controuled; if that which is admiſſible is

regularly permitted, and that which is improper as regularly withheld, the wily little creature will ſoon learn to diſtinguiſh that which is allowed from that which is prohibited. He will, indeed, urge his claim, for that to which he has been taught he has a right, with manly boldneſs; but will not harraſs himſelf and his attendants with ceaſeleſs whinings or ravings, to obtain that which uniform prohibition has placed beyond expectance. But a melancholy reverſe appears, if, on the other hand, no conſiſtency is obſerved in this management; if, at one time, the ſlighteſt indulgence is refuſed, and at another the moſt extravagant, and even injurious cravings, are ſatisfied; juſt as the caprice of the parent may induce him to gratify his ill humour, by thwarting another; or to amuſe his moments of *ennui*, by playing with his child as a monkey, and exiting it to thoſe acts of miſchief and audacity for which in the next moment, he may ſuffer a ſevere correction. Continually undergoing either diſappointment or puniſhment, or engaged in extorting gratifications, which he often triumphs at having gained by an artful diſplay of paſſion; his time

paſſes on, until at laſt the poor child manifeſts ill-nature ſufficient to render him odious to all around him, and acquires pride and meanneſs ſufficient to render him the little hated tyrant of his playfellows and inferiors. Can the duties of a parent be fulfilled in this caſe? Can the child owe any duty, in return for ſuch conduct? Certainly not. What may be the natural obligations of a child to a parent is not intended to be here dwelt on, it is only meant to be aſſerted, that they cannot be increaſed by treatment ſo abſurd and injurious.

The mortifications which the parent muſt repeatedly endure from perceiving his darling child render himſelf obnoxious to all around him by the enormity of his conduct, muſt awaken a ſuſpicion that ſome error has been committed in his management; and muſt, at times, excite a tranſient inclination to adopt a more firm and rational mode of conduct. But ſuppoſe this child of humour and indulgence to be overtaken by ſickneſs, then muſt the unhappy parent find conviction flaſh ſtrong on his mind, and he becomes his own harſh unforgiving accuſer. When life itſelf depends on a peaceful

ſerenity, and an exact compliance with various regulations, he ſees his froward darling fevered by the exertions of paſſion, and exhauſted by petulant rejections of the means of relief, and by inceſſant cravings for thoſe things which, being noxious, are prohibited, and which, by the perverſeneſs of temper, are thereby rendered more deſirable. Generally does the poor little ſufferer pay with his life the purchaſe of his early indulgencies, or, at beſt, eſcapes with an enfeebled conſtitution, preſenting a conſtant memorial to his parent, that—*THE TEMPER OF A CHILD IS FORMED IN THE EARLY DAYS OF INFANCY.*

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### *THE DOG KIND.*

THIS is a large genus of animals, furniſhed with ſix cutting and two canine teeth in each jaw, five toes before and four behind, and having the tail bent towards the left; which laſt property is the uſual characteriſtic of the whale kind.

Of the canine tribe, the dog indiſputably claims the pre-eminence, being at once the moſt intelligent and the moſt friendly to man, of all quadrupeds. Independently of the beauty of his form, his vivacity, force, docility, and ſwiftneſs, he is poſſeſſed of all thoſe complacent qualities, which are moſt likely to conciliate the affection of men. Long domeſticated, and familiar with human ſociety, he ſcarcely retains a trait of his ſavage ſtate; and ſeems to have no higher ambition than that of pleaſing and being ſerviceable. He is not only faithful and attached to his maſter beyond all example in other animals, but he is ever the friend of his friend, and enters into all his predilections and animoſities. He is the companion of his vacant hour, the promoter of his paſtime, the defender of his property, and his unalterable adherent, both in proſperous and adverſe fortune.

The original wild dog is now utterly unknown in the old continent; but in America there are numbers, which although firſt introduced by Europeans, have now become ſavage; and theſe ſhew what the animal would be,

were it not reclaimed by man. They hunt in packs, attack every animal they are likely to maſter; and thus give a looſe to their natural appetite of rapine and cruelty. They are eaſily tamed, however, and by kindneſs ſoon become ſenſible of attachment and ſubmiſſion; a proof that the dog was originally deſigned to be a friend, not an enemy to man; to help, not to injure or contend.

This ſuſceptibility of education and improvement is evinced, not only in his diſpoſition, but in his form,—Hence the varieties of the dog are become too numerous to particularize, and they are every day increaſing. Food, climate, and the habits of domeſtication, all make ſenſible impreſſions on him. Nothing ſeems to remain immutable with him, except his internal conformation, and his attachment to the human race. All the different breeds propagate together, from which union a different kind from either the ſire or the dam is frequently produced. It is generally obſerved, however, that the males bear the ſtrongeſt reſemblance to the dog, and the females to the bitch.

From theſe cauſes, the moſt accurate natu-

raliſts have found it impoſſible to diſcriminate all the canine varieties; but they have generally agreed in conſidering the ſhepherds' dog at the parent ſtock, from which all the reſt are derived; as theſe laſt all have a tendency to aſſume the form of that animal, and he is found more widely diſſeminated than any other kind.

The period of geſtation in the dog is commonly nine weeks; the young are produced with their eyes cloſed, and, in other reſpects, imperfectly formed. They are very little delicate in regard to food, and, though voracious, are capable of ſupporting a long abſtinence. This animal, however uſeful in other reſpects, is unfortunately ſubject to madneſs, and thus frequently gives riſe to one of the moſt dreadful maladies that can afflict human nature, and for which no infallible cure has been hitherto diſcovered.

### *THE SHEPHERDS' DOG.*

We have already mentioned this variety, as the parent ſtock of the canine kind. It is found in almoſt every country of the world, with very little alteration in its appearance,

and is ſo generally known as to preclude the neceſſity of a minute deſcription.

### *THE HOUND.*

There are three varieties of this dog, all of which are produced by the ſame dam, the hound, the harrier, and the beagle. They are all adapted for hunting; they have moreover long pendulous ears, an obtuſe noſe, a large mouth, and a loud note.

### *THE SPANIEL.*

The name ſeems to indicate that this variety was originally introduced from Spain; but Britain has long been famous for producing excellent dogs of this kind. However the varieties are too complex, to be either enumerated or deſcribed. The pointer was entirely unknown to our anceſtors, and it appears that ſome kinds mentioned by our early naturaliſts are now totally extinct.

### *GREY-HOUND.*

This is by far the ſwifteſt of all dogs and purſues his game by the ſight, not by the ſcent. In England it was formerly penal by the law of the land for any perſon, below the degree of a gentleman, to keep an animal of this kind. There are ſeveral varieties, ſuch as the Italian grey-hound, the Oriental grey-hound, &c.

### *THE IRISH WOLF-DOG.*

This beautiful and majeſtic animal is now nearly extinct in the only country that ever produced it; being reduced, if we are rightly informed, to a male and two females in the poſſeſſion of the Earl of Altamont. As wolves are no longer to be found in Ireland, we need wonder the leſs that the breed has been ſo much neglected. According to Buffon, this variety was the true moloſſian dog of antiquity.

### *THE DANISH DOG.*

This dog bears a cloſe reſemblance to the

maſtiff, except that its head and body are larger and more ſlender. It carries its tail turned up, and has a large prominent forehead. Of this kind, perhaps, were the dogs of Epirus, mentioned by Ariſtotle, and thoſe of Albania, deſcribed by Pliny.

### *THE MASTIFF.*

Britain was formerly ſo famous for this noble breed of dogs, that the Roman emperors maintained certain officers in this iſland, whoſe ſole employment it was to train theſe animals for the combats of the amphitheatre.

Dr. Caius, who wrote in the reign of Queen Elizabeth affirms, that three Engliſh maſtiffs are a match for a bear, and four for a lion. From an experiment, however, made in the tower by James I. it was found, that a lion was an unequal match for only three of them; for, though two of the dogs were diſabled in the conflict, the third put the lion to flight.

### *THE BULL-DOG.*

This is a very fierce, ſtrong, and ſavage

creature, frequently ſeizing or biting without giving any notice of his approach. He is peculiar to this iſland; but, ſince the ſavage ſport of bull-beating has given way to more refined paſtimes, the breed has become ſcarce. Humanity is almoſt prompted to indulge a wiſh that the kind may become utterly extinct. While one of the ſpecies remains, it will recal the diſgraceful remembrance of vulgar barbariſm, and perpetuate the ſtigma of our once taſteleſs amuſements and cruel manners.

### *THE TERRIER.*

This is a faithful, ſagacious creature, of material uſe to ſportſmen, and much eſteemed as a vigilant domeſtic guard. As the caprices of mankind fluctuate, ſome varieties of dogs become faſhionable, while others fall into decay. The terrier has been, for ſome time paſt, of great eſtimation, in England; and from a wiſh to improve the old breed, conſiderable pains have been taken to raiſe a ſpotted variety, which is now a favourite, and deſervedly ſo, for its beauty, and its numerous agreeable qualities.

The pug, the gaze-hound, the blood-hound, the leymer, the lap-dog, the harlequin, the cur, the ſhock-dog, the fox-dog, the turnſpit, and the lion-dog, are all mentioned and deſcribed by zoologiſts: but, in general, they are too well known to require a deſcription in this place. The two following varieties, however, are entitled to particular notice.

### *NEW ZEALAND DOG.*

This ſpecies, which ſeems originally to have been brought from New Guinea, is likewiſe found in the Society Iſlands, and pretty much reſembles the ſhepherds' cur. In thoſe iſlands they conſtitute the common food of the inhabitants, who previouſly take great pains to fatten them with vegetables. Europeans, who have been able to overcome their prejudices, have taſted the fleſh, and found it ſweet and palatable. However, the cuſtom of eating dogs' fleſh has not been confined to thoſe ſimple iſlanders alone; hiſtory informs us, that both the Greeks and Romans fed on this viand: the latter deemed young puppies a proper offering to their gods.

### *KAMTSCHADALE DOG.*

According to captain King, who gives a very intereſting account of this variety, in Cook's third voyage, it ſtrongly reſembles the Pomeranian, or wolf-dog, except that it is larger, and covered with a coarſer hair: it varies in colour; but the prevailing one is a light dun, or a dirty cream.

Theſe uſeful animals are employed in drawing ſledges over the ſnow, and are trained to this buſineſs when whelps. Five of them, two and two, with a leader, are generally yoked to a ſledge of peculiar conſtruction, capable of carrying a paſſenger, beſides the driver, who is provided with a crooked ſtick, which anſwers the double purpoſe of whip and reins.

Of the fleetneſs of theſe dogs we have unqueſtionable evidence, as well as of their extraordinary patience under the combined hardſhips of hunger and fatigue. "We were ourſelves witneſſes," ſays captain King, "of the great expedition with which the meſſenger, who had been diſpatched to Balcheretſk with the news of our arrival, returned to the harbour of St.

Peter and St. Paul, though the ſnow was at that time exceedingly ſoft; and I was informed by the commander of Kamtſchatka, that this journey was generally performed in two days and an half; and that he had once received an expreſs from the latter place in twenty-three hours, though the diſtance is not leſs than one hundred and thirty-five Engliſh miles."

Towards the latter end of May, theſe animals are all turned looſe to provide for themſelves during the ſummer; but they return to their maſters when the cold weather ſets in: Their food in winter conſiſts entirely of the head, entrails, and bones of ſalmon, which are ſaved for that purpoſe; and even with this poor diet they are but ſparingly fed. In a word, they are the moſt patient and uſeful animals to be found in this peninſula, and ſeem deſtined by Providence as a compenſation for the numerous privations which its inhabitants experience.

## *PITIABLE CASE OF AN OLD MAID.*

——— The long demurring maid
Whoſe lonely unappropriated ſweets
Smiled like yon knot of cowſlips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.

BLAIR.

CONVINCED that my caſe is no leſs lamentable than any which has hitherto claimed your attention, I ſhall without apology or preface, unboſom my ſorrows, and ſtate my grievances.

I am a maiden lady of fifty, poſſeſſing a fortune not inconſiderable. My father was a rich linen-draper of London, who married a lady remarkable for her talents in the different departments of houſewifery. Being the eldeſt of their two daughters, my parents were uncommonly ſolicitous to beſtow on me a good education, and to have me fully initiated into what is called *a knowledge of the world.* They liberally ſtored my mind with maxims which,

(although I received them with veneration) I did not underſtand; but which, when I came to years of maturity, I reſolved to follow, without examining their propriety, or conſidering their conſequences.

At the uſual time, I was uſhered into the world as a girl fully armed againſt all the wiles of artifice, and the faſcinations of flattery. I was taught to conſider every man who courted my favour as a gallant or debauchee, if he did not perform ſome extraordinary piece of kindneſs for me, or was unwilling to be received by me upon the terms of a ſlave.

With rigid punctuality I performed the injunctions laid on me by my parents. My life was ſpent in one inſipid round of ſolicitation and rejection. I found none of my admirers ſo frantic, as to lie down and break their hearts at my indifference, or to go and ſigh to the woods and ſtreams for my cruelty. It is true, I received many woeful ballads, but as I found theſe went far beyond reality, I concluded (perhaps juſtly) that their authors could not be ſincere. In ſhort, (not to tire your patience) I was found to be a creature who in a manner

breathed in another atmoſphere, who was not willing to partake the common lot of humanity, and who acted only as intereſt directed, or age enjoined.

While I was thus engaged, my younger ſiſter made an elopement with a neighbouring grocer's ſon; with whom ſhe had exchanged a few glances, while purchaſing ſome articles for the uſe of the family. My father, as may naturally be conceived, was at firſt irreconcilable. But the young man's father being a conſtant cuſtomer of my father's, an agreement was happily effected before any harſh meaſures had been taken.

Thus, while my ſiſter was *laudably* (I muſt ſay) performing her duty to ſociety, I was ſpending my time in uſeleſs enquiries, ſuſpicions, and deliberations; till the time of action was over, and the poſſibility of choice precluded.

Robbed by the hand of time of all thoſe attractions which awaken and cheriſh the tender ſentiment of love, I am become the deriſion of my enemies, the ſport of the young, and the contempt of the aged. If I enter at any time

into the aſſemblies of youth and gaiety, I may expect to meet the glances of the whole company, while a low titter circling around conveys to my ears the invidious epithet of, "An old maid."

If again I ſeek for relief among thoſe whom age has rendered more grave and ſolemn, I meet with a mortification no leſs grievous. They look upon me either as one, who by ſome diſguſting peculiarity has excluded herſelf from the joys of connubial felicity, or as a miſanthrope, who has ſhut herſelf up from the burdens and cares of the marriage ſtate to enjoy the quiet of celibacy. Had I followed the ſage advice of my favourite author, this had not been my preſent ſituation. "There are goods," ſays he, "ſo oppoſed, that we cannot ſeize both, but, by too much prudence, may paſs between them at too great a diſtance to reach either. This is often the fate of long conſideration; he does nothing, who endeavours to do more than is allowed to humanity. flatter not yourſelf with contrarieties of pleaſure. Of the bleſſings ſet before you, make your choice and be content*."

* Johnſon.

Advanced to my fiftieth year, I look back with regret on a life ſpent to little or no purpoſe, unleſs, ſir, my conduct may ſerve as a warning to others, againſt that falſe ſcrupulouſneſs in the choice of a huſband, which has ruined my happineſs, and rendered me more an object of pity than of cenſure.

LYDIA MARLOW.

## *REMARKABLE HYPOCHONDRIAC.*

IN the Memoirs of the Count de Maurepas, publiſhed not long ago, we find an account of a moſt remarkable hypochondriac in the perſon of the PRINCE of BOURBON. He once imagined himſelf to be an *hare*, and would ſuffer no bell to be rung in his palace, leſt the noiſe ſhould drive him to the woods. At another time he fancied himſelf to be a *plant*, and as he ſtood in the garden, inſiſted on being watered. He ſome time afterwards thought

he was *dead*, and refuſed nouriſhment, for which, he ſaid, he had no further occaſion. This whim would have proved fatal, if his friends had not contrived to diſguiſe two perſons, who were introduced to him as his grandfather and Marſhal Luxemburg: (both deceaſed) and who, after ſome converſation concerning the ſhades, invited him to dine with Marſhal Turenne, alſo deceaſed. Our hypochondriac followed them into a cellar prepared for the purpoſe, where he made an hearty meal. While his diſorder had this turn, he always dined in the cellar with ſome noble GHOST. We are alſo informed, that this ſtrange malady did not incapacitate him for buſineſs, eſpecially when his intereſt was concerned.

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### *DYING ADVICE OF JAMES II. TO HIS SON.*

I am now leaving this world, which has been to me a ſea of ſtorms and tempeſts; it being God Almighty's will to wean me from it by

many great afflictions. Serve him with all your power and ſtrength, and never put the crown of England in competition with your eternal ſalvation. There is no ſlavery like ſin, nor no liberty like his ſervice. If his holy providence ſhall think fit to ſet you on the throne of your anceſtors, govern your people with juſtice and clemency, and take pity of your miſled ſubjects. Remember, kings are not made for themſelves, but for the good of the people. Set before their eyes, in your own actions, a pattern of all manner of virtues. Conſider them as your children, aim at nothing but their good in correcting them. You are the child of vows and prayers. Behave yourſelf accordingly. Honour your mother, that your days may be long, and be always a kind brother to your dear ſiſter, that you may reap the bleſſings of concord and unity.

## *BLINDNESS INSTRUCTIVE.*

AN Eaſtern writer once aſked a certain philoſopher, by what means he had gained ſo

much wiſdom? "I gained it," replied the philoſopher, "by imitating *the blind*, who never move a ſtep till they have ſounded with their ſtick the ground on which they are to truſt themſelves."

## ON HAPPINESS.

THE acquiſition of happineſs has ever appeared to mankind a thing devoutly to be wiſhed for: it is indeed the grand object of their deſires, and the mark to which all their actions are directed. Nature ſhrinks back at the apprehenſion of miſery, and flies to any refuge from the impending danger. No wonder then, if we ſeek to ſecure ourſelves from this evil, and ſo eagerly purſue the oppoſite good.

Though all, however, agree with regard to the end, there is not the ſame unanimity of ſentiment with regard to the means. Various are the ways which men take in queſt of happineſs according to the variety of their judg-

ments, their tempers, and their diſpoſitions: every one has ſome favourite object in view, on the acquiſition of which he flatters himſelf he ſhall be happy. But theſe ſchemes are often no ſooner formed than fruſtrated, and frequent diſappointments mark the life of man: when he thinks felicity juſt within his reach, it eludes his embrace, and he graſps a ſhadow. The murmurs which we daily hear, prove the unſatisfactory and fleeting nature of pleaſure, and the complaints of the diſappointed and unfortunate, diſplay in lively colours the vanity of human wiſhes. But as every effect proceeds from ſome cauſe, we muſt naturally conclude, that theſe have miſtaken the road to happineſs, and that what they have ſuppoſed capable of affording pleaſure and ſolid comfort, has been found in reality incapable of yielding either.

It is certain indeed, that perfect happineſs cannot exiſt, where all things are unſtable and inſecure, but it is no leſs certain, that all, if they employ the proper means, have it in their power to attain at leaſt ſome ſhare of this deſirable bleſſing. A ſound head and a good heart are indiſpenſably neceſſary for the attainment

of it, and whoſoever poſſeſſes theſe requiſites, may defy the malice of fortune and ſmile at her frowns. The man who reſts his hopes of happineſs on virtue, and the performance of his duty, cannot be deprived of it by the loſs of external goods; they never conſtituted his felicity, and conſequently the loſs of them cannot take it away. Firm and collected in himſelf, he fears no outward ſhock; fully perſuaded of the rectitude of his intentions, and the integrity of his heart, he feels an inward ſatisfaction in the midſt of worldly diſtreſs. To expect permanent enjoyment from fluctuating objects, is ridiculous and abſurd; ſuch deluſive imaginations reſemble air-bubbles; a breath has formed them, and a breath will deſtroy them. Riches are inadequate to afford true pleaſure, and hopes of happineſs, founded ſolely on them, will ever be attended with diſappointment. Aſk the man who has been engaged in the gayeſt ſcenes of life, who has run the whole round of what the world calls pleaſure, if no uneaſy moments have intruded themſelves in the midſt of his gaiety; if no diſagreeable ſenſations have been the conſe-

quence of his voluptuous gratifications? Will the avaricious man pronounce himſelf happy in his hoarded wealth? Will the epicure declare that he has found true felicity in luxurious repaſts? Theſe will all confeſs themſelves ſtrangers to real bliſs, and acknowledge with regret the folly of their reſpective purſuits. If then their dreams of happineſs, like the enchanted caſtles of romance, reſt on ſuch fleeting and viſionary foundations, we muſt ſeek for it by other means than they did. From an improved underſtanding, and from well regulated paſſions only, can we expect ſerenity of mind.

If to the misfortunes of life we oppoſe the ſtrength of virtue, if we ſummon the aid of philoſophy and religion to reſiſt its allurements, we ſhall blunt the edge of misfortune, and be free from thoſe pangs which embitter all vicious enjoyments. In ſhort, the truly virtuous are the truly happy, the truly good are the truly wiſe; and whoſoever ſeeks for ſolid and laſting pleaſure from any other ſource than virtue and wiſdom, courts diſappointment, and meets with deſerved miſery.

## CURIOUS ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the diſſolute character of Aleſſandro, it appears that he, on ſome occaſions, adminiſtered juſtice not only with impartiality, but with ability. On this head, Ammirato relates an anecdote which is worth repeating:—A rich old citizen of Bergamo had lent to one of his countrymen at Florence 400 crowns, which he had advanced without any perſon being preſent, and without requiring a written acknowledgement. When the ſtipulated time had elapſed, the creditor required his money; but the borrower, well appriſed that no proof could be brought againſt him, poſitively denied that he had even received it.—After many fruitleſs attempts to recover it, the lender was adviſed to reſort to the Duke, who would find ſome method of doing him juſtice. Aleſſandro accordingly ordered both parties before him, and after hearing the aſſertions of the one, and the poſitive denial of the other, he turned to the creditor ſaying:—

"Is it poſſible then, friend, that you can have lent your money when no one was preſent?" "There was no one, indeed," replied the creditor, "I counted out the money to him on a poſt." "Go, bring the poſt then this inſtant," ſaid the Duke, "and I will make it confeſs the truth."—The creditor, though aſtoniſhed on receiving ſuch an order, haſtened to obey, having firſt received a ſecret caution from the Duke not to be very ſpeedy in his return. In the meantime, the Duke employed himſelf in tranſacting the buſineſs of his other ſuiters, till, at length, turning again to the borrower—"This man," ſays he, "ſtays a long time with his poſt." "It is ſo heavy, ſir," replied the other, "that he could not yet have brought it." Again Aleſſandro left him, and returning ſome time afterwards, careleſsly exclaimed:—"What kind of men are they that lend their money without evidence, was there no one preſent but the poſt?" "No, indeed, ſir," replied the knave. "The poſt is a good witneſs then," ſaid the Duke," and ſhall make thee pay the man his money."

ON THE

## *GRANDEUR AND BEAUTY OF NATURE.*

"Her wonders venerate and her ſweets enjoy."

SHENSTONE.

WHEN we look at the picture of nature, and mark that vivacity which looks ſo gay; that mildneſs which prevents it from dazzling; that elegance which charms the fancy; that ſimplicity which removes diſguſt; when we look at theſe ſcenes,

Vague, undetermined, infinite, untaught
By time, or compaſs, yet ſupremely fair:

muſt we not ſay, they were made to delight the imagination; to poliſh the taſte; to inſpire with religious ſentiment.

Nature, like her *MAKER*, can *ſtrike* as well as charm—in the vaſt theatre around us, we are preſented with grand, auguſt, and wonderful exhibitions; ſcenes in which nature talks of God, in a ſtile more nervous, ſtriking, and ſublime.

The traveller enters a ſcene like this with fearful ſolemnity; amidſt the awful ſtillneſs of his ſoul, his ſtartled imagination whiſpers—it can ſee the Divinity himſelf. He reveres the religion of the ſcene; he lifts a trembling eye, as if afraid to call upon God.

Beauty, and ſublimity, are the two prime features of nature, and of nature's God. The emotions they kindle are the two grand pulſes of the human boſom, to *solemnize* the mind in the view of him whoſe name is *WONDERFUL:* to *fire* the heart with delight in the view of him, who is *ALTOGETHER LOVELY.*

Both theſe ſentiments are illuſtrated in the ſcenery of nature; but by the Divinity they are preſented with moſt amazing energy. Intelligence is ſtruck with the vaſt and awful of God. It contemplates the blackneſs and darkneſs which beclouds his eſſence, the thunderings and lightnings which proclaim his majeſty, the whirlwind which is the chariot of his wrath, the cataract which rolls down from the vial of his indignation!

The heart is pleaſed with the mild verdure of his love, the gentle ſtream of his tenderneſs,

the ſhady places where his ſpirit breathes; there the delighted ſoul retires to tune up its little anthem, and ſing to the goodneſs which liſtens to its ſong.

Let us view the influence of theſe two emotions upon virtue and happineſs, and we ſhall find them to be the grand ſources of both.

If we look at virtue, we find her gazing at God. We behold her ſtruck with the grandeur, and charmed with the beauty of her object.

When virtue lifts up an eye to the unapproachable and everlaſting, in whoſe kalendar eternity is a moment; of whoſe hands immenſity is the hollow; whoſe whiſper ſhakes the aſtoniſhed pillars of nature; whoſe frown hangs the heavens in blackneſs—when virtue contemplates a figure ſo terribly ſublime, every paſſion lies ſtill, and fears; every faculty falls proſtrate, and adores. Vivacity dares not ſmile. Not a gay ſentiment ſtirs. The adoring ſoul is rapt in the religious ſtillneſs of awful ſolemnity.

Let us look at virtue when ſhe has changed her object, and is gazing at a more endearing

image. The majeſty of God is a fearful ſteep; the wild imagination cannot, dares not ſcale it; but the *bosom of his love* is not ſo high. The worm of yeſterday without a wing can reach it—emboſomed there, the worm of yeſterday ſhall live for ever! The goodneſs of heaven unrolls a charter in which the reptile is not forgotten.

This mild attribute of the Almighty, ſo friendly to the timidity of nature, converſes with man in a ſtill more familiar, pathetic, and engaging manner. It beckons humanity to her father's houſe: it welcomes the bluſhing wanderer to the table of his love.

When virtue dwells upon this, how fine is the emotion of ſenſibility? With what vivacity all its pulſes beat! with what extacy gratitude burſts into tears! with what raviſhment the flame of devotion burns!

The bending poſture of trembling veneration, the hallowed flame of ſacred love, is a deſcription of virtue in the eye of heaven: it marks out the path in which angels move; it delineates the orbit in which the *morning ſtars* roll round the throne of God!

By veneration moſt profound thrown off;
By ſweet attraction no leſs ſweetly drawn.

With what harmony theſe two emotions, ſolemnity and delight, conſpire to kindle a lively, refined, and ſublime employment! Mere vivacity is an emotion too gay and ſportive: ſolemnity elevates the ſentiment, and introduces a richneſs and magnificence of feeling. Simple delight, when it riſes to exceſs, is inflammatory and painful; the paſſions are all in a whirl; the mind runs mad with joy; the frantic imagination is diſtracted, the heart is ready to burſt with the golden burden; and, ſometimes, in a moment is as hot, as though the brain had been ſet on fire, and diſtracted reaſon gone raving to her grave.

The pictures of delight are minute, confined, vivid, and variegated. Solemnity is inſpired by a boundleſs, wild, unſhapely ſcene; gloomily grand, magnificently plain. The contraſted compound of both, preſents us with a picture of the heavenly Eden, the garden of God.

Mark the Hebrew ſhepherd, the illuſtrious favourite of heaven! He is moving to the hallowed buſh where his maſter's preſence burns,

He draws nigh with a trembling ſtep. He bows his head to the ground, overawed by the holineſs of the place. The pulſe of awful reverence beats ſolemn and ſlow. Every paſſion within him is tranſported, but every feature is grave. His ſoul is on fire, but it is a calm and heavenly flame, kindled at that mild celeſtial glory which irradiates the buſh without ſinging a leaf. Such is the extacy imagination conceives to be felt on high; ſuch is the rapture that runs through the circle of ſeraphim round the throne.

Aw'd and yet raptur'd, raptur'd yet ſerene!

On earth, the fineſt enjoyment how poor, how flat the key! how wintry, how lifeleſs the ſcene! how diſappointed the fondeſt wiſh! how diſconcerted the faireſt ſcheme!

What we call rapture is an eddy of the paſſions, a fever of the blood, a diſtraction of the mind. The moſt elevated pleaſure that we know—what is it but a ſcanty rivulet, a noiſy, ſhallow, rambling ſtream? The ſublime enjoyment of the ſky is a vaſt awful expanſe of unbounded, unfathomed peace.

If we lift our conceptions a little higher, and try to look at the ſupreme felicity of HIM who is moſt bleſſed for evermore; we remove every pathetic ſentiment, and conceive of pure, cool, unruffled ſolemnity. Every view we take of that undefinable eſſence is perfectly original. If we look at the mind of man we behold ſucceſſion and viciſſitude, we ſee the ideas following one another in an active buſy crowd. Imagination is ſketching out her picture; the pulſes of paſſion are throbbing with quick vibration. If we look up to the Eternal Mind, as far as reptiles can ſee, we behold a calm, compoſed intelligence, unprejudiced, undiſturbed, immoveably fixed in the centre of eternal truth. If we try to look into that boſom which is the ſeat of eternal peace, all is diſpaſſionately grand without the leaſt ſpark of pathos. Not a pulſe is ſeen to beat; not one emotion ſtirs to interrupt the religious ſtillneſs of his ſublime enjoyment.

Thus have we ſlightly traced the various expreſſions of beauty and ſublimity. How harmoniouſly they conſpire to adorn and aggrandize the picture of nature! With what a

celeſtial glow they irradiate the temple of virtue! With what united energy they kindle the flame of holy extacy!

Let us liſten to the muſic of nature with veneration. How is the whole ſoul of harmony poured forth in all her works? When we hear a fine pathetic note at a diſtance, how do we wiſh to behold the unſeen muſician? How, then, does imagination burn; how does curioſity ſtrain; how does every paſſion heave to contemplate that ſublime harmoniſt, whoſe melody is poured into the liſtening ear with ſuch divine energy; and ſeizes the captivated heart with ſuch triumphant pathos?

When we view this illuſtrious and beautiful frame, how could we wiſh to behold the grand deſigner, whoſe compaſs drew it with ſuch mechanic exactneſs; whoſe pencil arrayed it in ſuch beautiful colours; whoſe wiſdom irradiates its boundleſs ſphere; whoſe ſoul inſpires its elegant ſcenery; whoſe amazing energy rolls it round its axis; whoſe inſpiration beams univerſal ſentiment, and kindles univerſal pathos; whoſe providence numbers every hair, and counts every pulſe. How could we wiſh

to behold ſo mighty a CAUSE! Imagination looks with a ſtraining eye, but her object is in the dark. Our ſketches are all vague, random, indefinite. A ſpirit is before us, but we cannot diſcern the form thereof; yet among the confuſion of oppoſing ſyſtems, the diſtraction of perplexed intelligence, ONE TRUTH is divinely conſpicuous; even folly ſhall ſee it; even apathy ſhall feel it; and gratitude proclaims it with tears of joy—*The father and the friend are present, wherever there is a child to protect, or a reptile to befriend!*

## *ENCOMIUM ON THE BIBLE.*

BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

I have regularly and attentively read the Holy ſcriptures, and am of opinion, that this *independently* of its divine origin, contains more ſublimity and beauty, more pure morality, more important hiſtory, and finer ſtrains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been compoſed.

## *BATTLE OF THE APES.*

TAVERNIER, in his journey from Maſlipatan to Gaudicot, a town and fortreſs in the Carnatic, gives us the following ſingular relation.

After paſſing ſeven leagues we came to Oudicot. This days journey was through a flat and ſandy country, and on either ſide of the road nothing is to be ſeen but immenſe foreſts of Bamboo, a ſort of cane, the height of which rivals our loftieſt foreſt trees, and ſo thickly planted by the hand of nature, that it is abſolutely impoſſible to penetrate them. Theſe bamboo foreſts are ſwarming with almoſt incredible multitudes of APES, who, like their *civilized brethren*, take upon them to partition the earth out among themſelves, and are *natural*, I had almoſt ſaid, ſworn *enemies* to each other. Thoſe who reſide on one ſide of the path have no commerce or connection with thoſe who reſide upon the other, and ſhould any one dare to paſs the line of demarkation,

he would run the moſt imminent riſque of being inſtantly ſtrangled. At Palicat, the governor propoſed, thatas we paſſed betwixt theſe jealous foes, we ſhould divert ourſelves by ſetting them together by the ears. The method of doing it is this; through the whole extent of this country, from league to league, the roads are croſſed with gates and barriers, and guards are ſtationed at each of them, to take account and give information of every one that paſſes or repaſſes them, ſo that the traveller here purſues his rout in perfect ſecurity, and might, if he thought proper, carry his purſe expoſed in his hand. At each of theſe ſtations ſtores of rice are laid up for the accommodation of the paſſenger; and when he feels inclined to amuſe himſelf with a battle, he diſpoſes five or ſix baſkets of rice at forty or fifty paces diſtance from each other, along the road, and by the ſide of each of them five or ſix truncheons, of about two feet in length, and of the ſize of a large walking ſtaff. The baſkets being thus arranged and uncovered, every one retires to ſome little diſtance, and forthwith the apes, who have been watching the proceſs, are ſeen

haſtening down from the ſummits of the bamboos, and ſcampering along the neutral ground towards the rice; there, however, meeting their adverſaries haſtening alſo toward the ſame point, no one will give up the prize, and no one dares to touch it; in this ſtate of ſuſpence they continue for perhaps half an hour, grinning and ſhewing their teeth at each other, now facing this way, now facing that, and equally afraid to commence the onſet; at length ſome daring female, with perhaps her little one in her arms, which ſhe carries as a nurſe carries her infant, daſhes upon the baſket and plunges her head into it. In an inſtant the adverſe males ruſh forward and ſeize her with their teeth, her friends ſupport her, and the charge being ſounded by her ſcreams, every one ſeizes the truncheon which is next him, and a furious conflict enſues; the weaker party are, ere long, of courſe compelled to *change their position*, and retire with broken heads and bruiſed ſhoulders into their own territory, and the victors remaining maſters of the field, eat the rice at leiſure. We muſt not however forget to add, that when they have gorged

themſelves to the utmoſt capacity of their ſtomachs, they then, with all the generoſity of a conqueror, permit the females of the vanquiſhed to come and conſume *their offals.*

## *THE NEGRO.*

Mr. Edwards, who has written *an History of the West Indies*, remarks, that "If a negro is aſked even an indifferent queſtion by his maſter, he ſeldom gives an immediate reply, but affecting not to underſtand what is ſaid, compels a repetition of the queſtion, that he may have time to conſider not what is the true anſwer, but what is the moſt *politic* one for him to give." Mr. Edwards however aſſures us that many of theſe unfortunure negroes learn cowardice and falſehood after they become ſlaves. When they firſt come from Africa, many of them ſhew "a frank and fearleſs temper," but all diſtinction of character amongſt the native Africans is ſoon loſt under the levelling influence of *ſlavery.*

## *SCIENTIFIC AGITATION.*

M. L'ABBE CHAPPE, who was ſent by the King of France, at the deſire of the French Academy, to Siberia, to obſerve the tranſit of Venus, gives us a ſtriking picture of the ſtate of his own mind, when the moment of this famous obſervation approached. In the deſcription of his own feelings, this traveller may be admitted as good authority. A few hours before the obſervation, a black cloud appeared in the ſky; the idea of returning to Paris after ſuch a long and perilous journey, without having ſeen the tranſit of Venus; the idea of diſappointment to his king, to his country, to all the philoſophers in Europe, threw him into a ſtate of agitation which muſt have been felt to be conceived. At length the black cloud vaniſhed, his hopes affected him almoſt as much as his fears had done; he fixed his teleſcope, ſaw the planet—his eye wandered over the immenſe ſpace a thouſand times in a minute; his ſecretary ſtood on one ſide with

his pen in his hand; his aſſiſtant, with his eye fixed upon the watch, was ſtationed on the other ſide. The moment of the total immerſion arrived, the agitated philoſopher was ſeized with an univerſal ſhivering, and could ſcarcely command his thoughts ſufficiently to ſecure the obſervation.

## *THE BURIAL.*

"" 'TIS done!" ſaid Emmeline as I entered the room,—" 'tis done! and now his little ſpirit has paſſed the confines of mortality!"—I drew back! ſhe was in the delirium of reflection, and I remained unperceived. " Yes," continued Emmeline, leaning over her lifeleſs babe, as ſhe wiped the repining tears: " he is gone!—the delight of my exiſtence is for ever ſnatched from maternal embraces!—But he is not dead:—he only repoſes in the arms of immortality, whence I ſhall again receive him! Yet his father:—ah! my beloved partner! little doſt thou think of this diſaſter. No, thou art diſtant, and unconſcious of it. When

thou returneſt, how wilt thou bear the loſs of thy little Henry!"—"My amiable friend," ſaid I, approaching the weeping Emmeline, "I was come to enquire reſpecting the health of your infant, and I ſee that he is well." "Well!" repeated Emmeline. "he is well:—'tis enough; his ſorrows are paſt! My friend," ſaid this charming mother, "I did not once imagine that I could have reſigned myſelf to a diſpenſation ſo ſevere." "And what," interrupted I, "has effected ſuch a happy change in your diſpoſition? "Ah!" replied Emmeline, "I was then young, inattentive to truth, and ignorant of true peace! Like moſt young people, I never peruſed a volume from which I have ſince learnt in what happineſs conſiſts: to be reſigned to the will of Providence here, and trace by the chart which he has given us in divine truth, the road to a brighter ſtate." "But," demanded I, "have you never any apprehenſions that this chart may be erroneous?" "None;" rejoined Emmeline, "for though I never examined the external authorities, which I am told confirm my guide; and though I hear of many who have done it with more wiſdom and

penetration than I can poſſibly boaſt, aver that it is defective; I have an evidence that compels me to reject their doubts. My heart, whenever I peruſe the pages of holy writ, beats ſo in uniſon with their contents, that nature, which philoſophers tell us ſhould be our director, muſt be miſtaken if I am wrong."

When the corps of Henry was to be interred, Emmeline attended it to the grave. I was unſpeakably impreſſed with her deportment. In her features you might diſcern the triumph of reſignation over the ſtruggles of ſorrow; ſhe "ſhone in tears!" Never ſhall I forget the ſympathetic aſſent given by every heart preſent, when the good paſtor uttered that glorious aſſurance. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he ſhall ſtand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my ſkin, worms deſtroy this body; yet in my fleſh ſhall I ſee God."—"Yes; my Redeemer liveth!" exclaimed Emmeline,—"and Henry, I ſhall meet thee in his preſence.—We are parted to re-unite where tears ſhall ceaſe to flow!" And this is the religion, thought I, "that ſceptics would exterminate."

## *From "COWPER'S TASK."*

(With an Elegant Engraving.)

THE morning finds the ſelf-ſequeſter'd man
Freſh for his taſk, intend what taſk he may.
Whether inclement ſeaſons recommend
His warm but ſimple home, where he enjoys,
With her who ſhares his pleaſures and his heart,
Sweet converſe, ſipping calm the fragrant lymph
Which neatly ſhe prepares; then to his book,
Well choſen, and not ſullenly perus'd
In ſelfiſh ſilence, but imparted oft
As aught occurs that ſhe may ſmile to hear,
Or turn to nouriſhment, digeſted well.
Or, if the garden with its many cares,
All well repaid, demand him, he attends
The welcome call, conſcious how much the hand
Of lubbard labour needs his watchful eye,
Oft loit'ring lazily, if not o'erſeen,
Or miſapplying his unſkilful ſtrength.
Nor does he govern only to direct,
But much performs himſelf. No works indeed

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That aſk robuſt tough ſinews, bred to toil,
Servile employ; but ſuch as may amuſe,
Not tire, demanding rather ſkill than force.
Proud of his well-ſpread walls, he views his trees
That meet (no barren interval between)
With pleaſure more than ev'n their fruits afford,
Which, ſave himſelf who trains them, none can feel:
Theſe, therefore, are his own peculiar charge;
No meaner hand may diſcipline the ſhoots,
None but his ſteel approach them. What is weak,
Diſtemper'd, or has loſt prolific pow'rs,
Impair'd by age, his unrelenting hand
Dooms to the knife: nor does he ſpare the ſoft
And ſucculent, that feeds its giant growth,
But barren, at th' expence of neighb'ring twigs
Leſs oſtentatious, and yet ſtudded thick
With hopeful gems. The reſt, no portion left
That may diſgrace his art, or diſappoint
Large expectation, he diſpoſes neat
At meaſur'd diſtances, that air and ſun,
Admitted freely, may afford their aid,
And ventilate and warm the ſwelling buds.
Hence ſummer has her riches, autumn hence,
And hence ev'n winter fills his wither'd hand
With bluſhing fruits, and plenty, not his own.
Fair recompence of labour well beſtow'd
And wiſe precaution; which a clime ſo rude

Makes needful ſtill, whoſe ſpring is but the
child
Of churliſh winter, in her froward moods
Diſcov'ring much the temper of her ſire.
For oft, as if in her the ſtream of mild
Maternal nature had revers'd its courſe,
She brings her infants forth with many ſmiles;
But, once deliver'd, kills them with a frown.
He, therefore, timely warn'd, himſelf ſupplies
Her want of care, ſcreening and keeping warm
The plenteous bloom, that no rough blaſt may
ſweep
His garlands from the boughs. Again, as oft
As the ſun peeps and vernal airs breethe mild,
The fence withdrawn, he gives them ev'ry
beam,
And ſpreads his hopes before the blaze of day.

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## BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

IT was a ſummer evening,
Old Kaſpar's work was done;
And he before his cottage door
Was ſitting in the ſun,
And by him ſported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She ſaw her brother Peterkin
Roll ſomething large and round,
That he beſide the rivulet
In playing there had found;

He came to aſk what he had found;
That was ſo large, and ſmooth, and round.

Old Kaſper took it from the boy
Who ſtood expectant by;
And then the old man ſhook his head,
And with a natural ſigh,
"'Tis ſome poor fellow's ſkull, (ſaid he)
Who fell in the *Great Victory*.

I find them in my garden, for
There's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughſhare turns them out;
For many thouſand men, (ſaid he,)
Were ſlain in the *Great Victory*."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin, he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

"It was the Engliſh, (Kaſper cried,)
Who put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for
I could not well make out;
But every body ſaid, (quoth he,)
That 'twas a *Famous Victory*.

"My father liv'd at Blenheim then,
Yon little ſtream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forc'd to fly;

So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to reſt his head;—

" With fire and ſword the country round
Was waſted far and wide;
And many a chiding mother then,
And new-born infant died:
But things like that you know, muſt be
At every *Famous Victory.*

" They ſay it was a ſhocking ſight,
After the field was won;
For many thouſand bodies here
Lay rotting in the ſun;
But things like that, you know, muſt be
After a *Famous Victory.*

" Great praiſe the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
" Why 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine,
" Nay, nay, my little girl, (quoth he,)
It was a *Famous Victory;*

" And every body prais'd the Duke,
Who ſuch a fight did win."
" But what good came of it at laſt?"
Quoth little Peterkin,
Why, that I cannot tell, (ſaid he,)
But 'twas a *Famous Victory.*"

## *IDLENESS.*

WHO has not ſeen the maiden morn ariſe,
Her bluſhing cheek with heav'n's prime light o'erſpread ;
Now with a ling'ring paleneſs mount the ſkies,
Now gild th' horizon with a glowing red?

Who has not ſeen the murky night retire,
Dragging along his thick unwelcome veil;
Now at the far off wood he ſeems to tire,
Now ſlowly quits the damp and foggy dale?

Why there upon that couch ſupine he lies,
His recreant ſoul, half-drown'd in ſlumbers deep ;
For twelve long hours each night he ſhuts his eyes,
The ſlave-inglorious of half living ſleep.

For him the godlike ſun ne'er roſe on high,
For him the gladſome morn ne'er ſhew'd his face,
For him the clouds which travel through the ſky,
Never " drop fatneſs" on his kindred race.

Science, bedeck'd with robes of living light,
Shall ne'er on him beſtow one heav'nly ray ;
From him, diſguſted with the hateful ſight,
Wiſdom and wealth have turn'd their feet away.

And lovely health, long ling'ring round his bed,
Is now about to take her laſt farewell;
Dulneſs uſurps the empire of his head,
And ſloth has bound him with her cobweb ſpell.

What has he done while living on this earth?
What virtues have his fellow men admir'd?
Whoſe lips rejoice that nature gave them birth,
Or in his well-earn'd praiſe have never tir'd?

Come, ye diſtreſs'd, whom his aſſiſting hand
Kindly upheld, when troubled ſtorms aroſe;
Talk loudly of the ſchemes his wiſdom plann'd,
The arrows of misfortune to oppoſe.

Who from the thorny couch of ſickneſs hies,
To ſoothe, with kind return, his languid hours;
And all the arts of ſkill and medicine tries,
And all the balm of conſolation pours.

Ah, no! "deſerted in his utmoſt need,"
His liſtleſs ſoul in anguiſh pines away;
No unbought offices of love now feed
His vacant memory with one happy day.

His wretched mind a blank—no knowledge there
For ſilent meditation to con o'er;
His life a lethargy of meanleſs care,
Diſdain'd a worldly or a mental ſtore.

Uncounted roll'd his fleeting hours away,
Unnotic'd now he ſinks into the duſt;
Unmov'd, we ſee his frame conſign'd to clay,
No bleeding heart his monumental buſt.

Then oh! beware, the man of ſloth's fell wiles,
On earth fair virtue's formidable foe;
Learn to diſdain her eaſe, diſtruſt her ſmiles,
They lure to wretchedneſs, they lead to woe.

## THE STORM.

AWAKEN'D by the miracles of God,
Who hurls his thunderbolts precipitate
Thro' the aſtounded regions of the air,
At this dark hour of midnight, O my ſoul,
While warm with life, in wonder meditate
A ſolemn ſong of reverential praiſe!

Fountain of glory! I adore thy power,
Which governs the tremendous elements,
And ſhakes the great globe with the influence
Of fiery ſtorm. Angels of light! who found
Deep notes of thunder, publiſh to the world,
O'er earth, o'er ocean, and to diſtant ſpheres,
The glories of the one Eternal King,
Whoſe juſtice triumphs, while the earth be-
holds

Her throne, a cloud of fire, in radiance borne
Aloft, on winged courſers of the flames
Of lightning quick and vivid.
The affairs
Of mortal men, how vain! compared with theſe
Immenſe tranſactions of the Lord of Being,
Before whom nature trembles! whoſe beheſts
Are, in a moment, carried to effect
By miniſters of water, fire and air,
Follow'd with acclamations more intenſe
Than if the clamours of the multitude
Of every nation, on this beauteous orb,
And ſounds of war's artillery, were but—one!
O! with what force that voice is pour'd abroad:
It ſeems to rend in twain the vault of heaven
While earth ſtands witneſs; and the ocean world
Mounts upward from his bed, to fill the void.
Lo! God ſpeaks once: ſpeaks twice: now man muſt hear!
And own his power unrivalled, and ſupreme!
The circuit of immeaſurable heaven
Is the ſole theatre magnificent,
On which the ruler of the univerſe
His plans fulfils.
Weak are our thoughts: our words
Be few; in his bright preſence let us bow
With veneration, and unfeigned love;
Conſcious that He, who ſaves us from the ſtorm,

Who opes the page of darkneſs viſible,
With flaſhes frequent, and makes day of night—
A ſolemn day of intermittent flames,
Of lightning, and the ſhades of viewleſs night;
That He who is the fount of light and joy,
Will guard our lives with his imperial ſhield,
In pain, affliction, and the final grave.
Glory once more to Him who reigns on high!

## *ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.*

OH thou! deſcended from above,
Dear emblem of angelic love,
With whom the virtuous dwell;
By all thy votaries' num'rous names,
Accept the meed my fancy frames,
The tribute of my ſhell.

On mercy's pinions borne afar,
The ſoul, that ſcan'd the point of war,
And ſpurn'd the trophied creſt,
Will turn with raptur'd orbs to ſee,
Where thou, with ſenſibility,
Adorn'ſt the godlike breaſt.

Oh! come then, while the germs of youth
Demand the friendly beam of truth,
To call them into bloom;
Come!—for 'tis thine to 'radiate
The faſt depending clouds of fate,
And cheer misfortune's gloom.

Teach me to love the virtuous man,
With tenderneſs his faults to ſcan,
And bind his thoughts to mine;
Tranſplanting to myſelf his worth;
So round the oak of manly growth,
The ivy's tendrils twine.

Yes, goddeſs! yes, with ſuch a friend,
The quiv'ring lamp of night I'll ſpend,
And paſs the hours of day;
Behold with philoſophic eyes
The ancient ſtates before me riſe,
Grow, flouriſh, and decay.

While, hov'ring round on mental wings,
Morality her precepts brings,
To ſtrengthen nature's plan;
For ah! tho' *wit* awhile may flame,
'Tis virtue only, ſacred name!
'TIS VIRTUE MAKES THE MAN.

Nor then I'll ſpurn thy *ſofter* laws,
When beauty, pleading friendſhip's cauſe,
Beams from my SARA'S eye;
No, no; let Hymen light his torch,
And lead our ſteps to pleaſure's porch,
We'll enter, wreath'd with joy.

Our children then may claim our love,
Our precepts ſhall their minds improve,
And early vice efface;
Till ſpringing from a choſen few,
Affection's plan I ſtill purſue,
And graſp the human race!

Yet not to me alone confin'd,
Friendſhip! expand each narrow mind,
Inform, inſtruct the whole;
So ſhall we view with glowing eyes,
Creation one vaſt paradiſe,
Thy ſeat, each human ſoul.

---

## *THE DAIRY.*

FROM THE FARMER'S BOY.

* * * * *

HIS ſimple errand done, he homeward hies,
Another inſtantly its place ſupplies,
The clattering dairy-maid immers'd in ſteam,
Singing and ſcrubbing midſt her milk and cream,
Bawls out "*Go fetch the cows:*"—he hears no more;
For pigs, and ducks, and turkies throng the door,
And ſitting hens, for conſtant war prepar'd;
A concert ſtrange to that which late he heard.
Straight to the meadow then he whiſtling goes,
With well known halloo calls his lazy cows;
Down the rich paſture heedleſsly they graze,
Or hear the ſummon with an idle gaze;
For well they know the cow-yard yields no more
Its tempting fragrance, nor its wint'ry ſtore.

Reluctance marks their ſteps, ſedate and ſlow;
The right of conqueſt all the law they know:
Subordinate they one by one ſucceed;
And one among them always takes the lead,
Is ever foremoſt, whereſo'er they ſtray;
Allow'd precedence, undiſputed ſway;
With jealous pride her ſtation is maintain'd,
For many a broil that poſt of honour gain'd.
At home, the yard affords a grateful ſcene;
For ſpring makes e'en a miry cow-yard clean.
Thence from its chalky bed behold convey'd
The rich manure that drenching winter made,
Which pil'd near home, grows green with many a weed,
A promis'd nutriment for autumn's ſeed.
Forth comes the maid, and like the morning ſmiles;
The miſtreſs too, and follow'd cloſe by Giles.
A friendly tripod forms their humble ſeat,
With pails bright ſcour'd, and delicately ſweet.
Where ſhadowing elms obſtruct the morning ray,
Begins their work, begins the ſimple lay;
The full-charg'd udder yields its willing ſtreams,
While *Mary* ſings ſome lover's amorous dreams;
And crouching *Giles* beneath a neighbouring tree
Tugs o'er his pail, and chants with equal glee;
Whoſe hat with tatter'd brim, of nap ſo bare,

From the cow's ſide purloins a coat of hair,
A mottled enſign of his harmleſs trade,
An unambitious peaceable cockade.
As unambitious too that cheerful aid
The miſtreſs yields beſide her roſy maid;
With joy ſhe views her plentious reeking ſtore,
And bears a brimmer to the dairy door;
Her cows diſmiſs'd, the luſcious mead to roam,
Till eve again recall them loaded home.
And now the DAIRY claims her choiceſt care,
And half her houſhold find employment there:
Slow rolls the churn, its load of clogging cream
At once foregoes its quality and name;
From knotty particles firſt floating wide
Congealing butter's daſh'd from ſide to ſide;
Streams of new milk thro' flowing coolers ſtray,
And ſnow-white curd abounds, and wholeſome whey.
Due north th' unglaz'd windows, cold and clear,
For warming ſunbeams are unwelcome here.
Briſk goes the work beneath each buſy hand,
And *Giles* muſt trudge, whoever gives command:
A *Gibeonite* that ſerves them all by turns:
He drains the pump, from him the faggot burns;
From him the noiſy hogs demand their food;
While at his heels run many a chirping brood,
Or down his path in expectation ſtand,
With equal claims upon his ſtrewing hand.

## *THE HAYMAKERS.*

HOW cheerful the haymakers are,
How jocund they labour and toil;
There ſeems neither ſorrow nor care,
Their pleaſures to injure or ſpoil.

Their labour's enliven'd by mirth,
And each ruſtic's his fav'rite laſs;
Hills and valleys re-echo their ſong,
Whilſt they merrily turn up the graſs.

Content in their boſoms reſides,
And all its ſweet charms doth impart;
Sweet peace! its ſoft influence ſheds,
To calm and enlighten each heart.

No ambition their quiet invades,
But cheerful the hours they employ;
And health in each face doth appear,
Attended with gay-ſmiling joy!

## *TO THE MEMORY OF AN*
## OLD AND WORTHY SERVANT.

'TIS not the rich man's paſſing knell I hear,
Nor yet for pamper'd wealth I drop the tear,
'Tis humble merit, join'd with Dimſdale's name,
"A man unknown to honour, wealth, or fame."

Oft as I hied me forth at early dawn,
His aged form I've view'd on yonder lawn,
Bending with anxious brow and greyeſt locks,
O'er the ſharpe ſcythe, or nicely figur'd box;
But this is paſt—for he his race has run,
And ended life as guiltleſs as begun.
His age was great—his worth was greater ſtill,
But now he's gone to do his Maker's will;
Stranger! o'er *his* cold grave I pray thee reſt,
And learn to live, that *you* in death be bleſt.

## *POOR MARY.*

AS I wander at midnight in diſtreſs o'er the wild,
My boſom expos'd to the wind,
The tears dew my cheeks, for I'm poverty's child,
And fortune, alas! is unkind.

The winter's chill blaſt I am doom'd to endure,
As friendleſs, unſhelter'd I roam;
Nor e'en from the ſnow-ſtorm is Mary ſecure,
For Mary's bereſt of her home.

Then bleſt be the tear kind pity may ſtart,
Or ſympathy bid to proceed;
Uncheck'd let it flow, for it flows from the heart
Where mercy ſhould reign, tis decreed.

## *EVENING MEDITATIONS,*

——————TIME moves on!
Already ſummer with a liberal hand
Flings to the gale her treſſes roſe-entwin'd,
And gives the breeze, cool as the tears of chaſtity:
'Tis now the hour when meditation walks,
And conſcience lifts his ſtill, but awful voice—
The moon ſhines on me, and the cloſing flow'rs
More balmy than in noon-day, ſpend their ſouls,
Their ſpicy ſouls, in prayer to *him* above.—
Can *I* gaze on earth, on ſky, thus lovely,
And with thoughts vacant or vain, move onward?
No, ye ſtars!
Ye ſilent myriad, that with ſteady light
Burn in the vaſt cerulean! ye bleſt worlds!
(For all are bleſt that own the care of God)
Ye peopled planets! and ye countleſs ſuns!—
And thou, O moon! whoſe mild unſhaded eye
Seems ſearching to my heart—I feel there is
But one *great, good Eternal!* Lo! my ſoul
Sublimely thrilling, as my ardent lips
Breathe out his name, atteſts that he alone
Woke it to being, and diſpenſes now
The ſorrow, that with heavy weight o'erhangs
My ſadden'd heart:—Father! I feel thy hand,
Thy chaſtening hand laid on me, but I bow

Myſelf before thee, humbled; and convinced,
That *thou* canſt only tell what is not good,
I ſtop the ſigh. O teach me to controul
The weak, weak tear, to drown all earthly pains
In the pure bliſs of paradiſe. O come!
Ye heavenly viſions, for whoſe ſight my ſoul
Thirſts greedily. O come! and lead each thought
To views of future joy. Hail! ſacred ſcenes!
I ſee the deathleſs ſeats, the beaming thrones,
Where all the juſt that were, that are, or ſhall
In future ages bleſs their Maker's love,
Shall, when time is no more, receive their meed.
O, happy hour! already to their harps
I hear their voices ſounding, and with peals
Of praiſe ſublime, lauding the living God!
And now to ſofter melody attun'd,
Some favor'd ſaint, his ſingle lyre and lays,
Warbleth, and in ſuch ſtrains that ſteal the tears
From heavenly eyes, ſings of our Saviour's love—
O! to ſounds like theſe, thus ſweet, thus awful,
Thus enchaining thought, no man e'er liſten'd;
For they ſpeak the death, the ſuffering moments
Of the Lord of Life—Chriſt upon the croſs,
Expiring for our ſins, and their remiſſion;
Chriſt! our *God*, our *Saviour*, our *Redeemer!*

O! bleſt names! wakeners of piety,
Of faith and hope; Saviour! Lord! by which
Shall I addreſs thee? wandering here,
Alone, but thoughtful, for thy mercies great;
Heart-ſtruck, I kneel before thee, and implore
Such grace as may, thro' life's uncertain road,
Direct my feet aright; ſo ſhall I die
Firm in the faith, of ſeeing *thee* and *God!*

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## SONNET,

*Written at Sea, when returning a Widowed Voyage from the West Indies,* 1796.

ALONE on life's tempeſtuous ocean caſt,
A widow, ere the morn of life be paſt;
Ah! by what ſkill ſhall I thoſe rocks avoid,
Which break the foaming waves on every ſide!

My much lov'd Pollio now no more appears,
To ſoothe my ſorrows and ſubdue my fears,
With ſkilful hand my feeble bark to guide,
And bid the threatening dangers all ſubſide.

My God, henceforth do thou, my pilot be,
And guide me ſafely through this troublous ſea;
Oh teach me how the heavenly port to gain,
While billows heave, and ſyrens lure in vain;
And ſteady as the needle to the pole,
To thee ſhall point the affections of my ſoul.

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